po 0. anyi 189
-2

0.5 8/1.

Pz L. angl. pag 86.

0 10 2814.

LADY JANE GRAY.

From a Portrait in coloured Wax.

of the same Size.

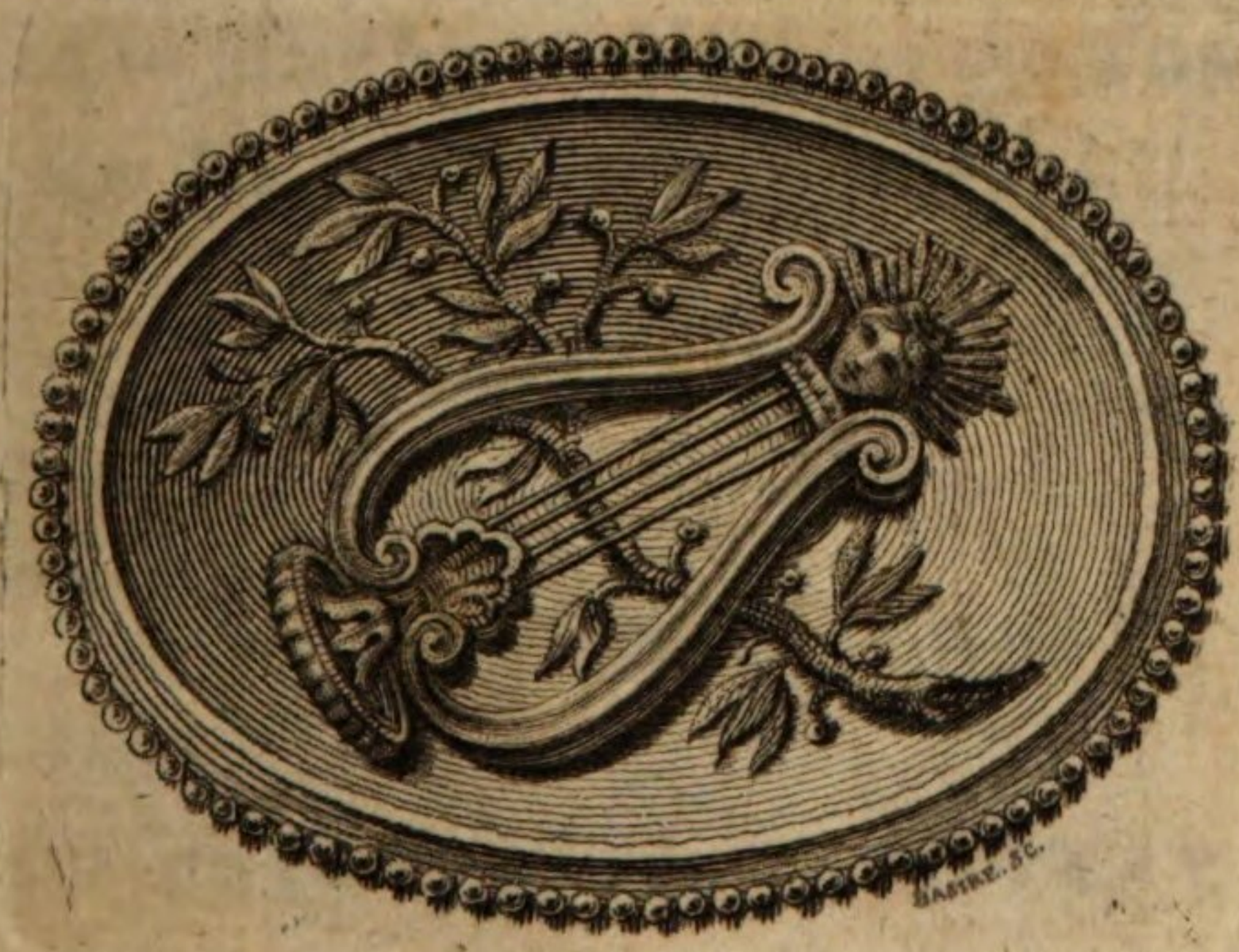
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

A

EPISTLE

FROM

LADY JANE GRAY,

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY,

Suppoſed to have been written in the Tower,
a few Days before they ſuffered.

Quis Regni poſthac confidet viribus? aut quem
Gloria decipiet Sceptri, Soliive ſuperbi
Lubrica Majeſtas?——

Supplem. Lucan. lib. iv.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR
M.DCC.LXII.

M'DCC'LXII.

TO

The Right Honourable

MARY LEPEL,

Baroneſs Dowager HERVEY of Ickworth,

Diſtinguiſhed by her ſuperior Accompliſhments,

as the Admirer and Protectress

of every Elegant Art,

THIS POEM

Is with the greateſt Reſpect Inſcribed,

By

Her Ladyſhip's

Obliged Humble Servant,

George Keate.

N B S

ADVERTISEMENT.

LADY Jane Gray hath ever been regarded as one of the moſt amiable and perfect characters, that the records of any nation have delivered down to poſterity. The circumſtances of her life are uncommon, if not unexampled, and her misfortunes as ſingular, as was the fortitude with which ſhe ſuſtained them; all conſpiring to

render her a fit ſubject for this ſpecies of Heroic Poetry, of which we have but few pieces in our language, tho' it ſeems to have a peculiar advantage of conveying, in the happieſt manner, the ſentiments of ſuch characters as are worthy of being celebrated.

The variety of accompliſhments, which this unfortunate princeſs crowded into the ſhort period of *ſeventeen* years; and above all, that juſtneſs of thinking which ſhe attained in ſo early an age, have deſervedly gained her the admiration of ſucceeding times.

But her ſtory is ſo well known, that it would be impertinence to dwell upon it.——Wedded to a man ſhe loved, and whoſe youth and virtues made him

worthy

worthy of her affection,—Called to a crown againſt her will,—Throned and dethroned within the little compaſs of a fortnight,—Dragged from her palace to her priſon,—Separated from a Huſband doomed to death,—And ſentenced to loſe her own head on a ſcaffold:—Such were the diſtreſſes that ſurrounded her, when I ventured to put the pen into her hand: awake as ſhe was, to every paſſion and delicacy of ſentiment which Love, Diſappointment, and Calamity could give birth to; yet, by the force of Religion, ſubduing their poignancy, and at laſt totally triumphing over them.

I much doubt whether I may have done ſufficient juſtice to the character of

this virtuous Lady; but hope, at leaſt, that I have not departed from Nature, in any ſentiment which I have attributed to her.

LADY

LADY JANE GRAY

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

FROM theſe dread walls, this melancholy Tow'r,
Doom'd the ſad Victim of relentleſs Pow'r,
Where ruin ſits in gloomy pomp array'd,
And circling horrors ſpread their mournful ſhade,
I ſend the tribute of a ſhort'ning life,
The laſt memorial of a faithful Wife.
For ev'ry hope on this ſide Heav'n is fled,
And Death's pale banner waves around my head.
It yet perchance may cheer my Lord to know
That SUFFOLK's Daughter ſinks not with her woe:

Beneath

Beneath its weight I feel myſelf reſign'd;
Tho' ſtrong its preſſure, ſtronger ſtill my mind.
This duty paid to Thee, each care is o'er,
Nor my hard fortune ſhall diſtreſs me more.

Yet ſpite of all, one anxious thought ſurvives,
For Thee, my GUILFORD, 'tis for Thee it lives.
Yes, Thou alone with Heav'n divid'ſt my heart,
Tho' all Heaven's due, yet Nature gives Thee part.
If Love be ſtill a crime, I'm guilty ſtill,
But to forget, depends not on our will.
Affection once deep rooted in the breaſt,
Is ſometimes ſhook, tho' rarely diſpoſſeſt;
The ruling paſſion there in triumph reigns,
It ſooths my weakneſs, but augments my pains.
O'er the dear paſt my roving fancy flies,
And brings thy Image to my raptur'd eyes.

No Mourner's weeds, no Captive's chain it wears,
But bright in all its native charms appears;
Such Grace, ſuch Virtue beaming from thy brows,
As ſtole my heart, and fix'd my virgin vows;
Such as Thou wert, when at the Altar's ſide
I gave Thee up my hand, a willing Bride:
How little then expected we to find
Our nuptial wreath by Death had been intwin'd!
Scenes different far from theſe gay Hope diſplay'd!
Ah! how the falſe one ſung, and how betray'd!
Each joy ſhe promis'd periſh'd in its birth,
And ev'ry flatt'ring bloſſom fell to earth! ——
But from Man's weakneſs ſtill ſome comfort flows,
'Tis that he nought beyond the preſent knows;
Heav'n draws a friendly curtain o'er his doom,
And hides in deepeſt ſhades each ill to come. ——
Then be its Will ador'd, which, underſtood,
From ſeeming miſchief draws forth certain good.

Nor

Nor in theſe lines ſuſpect that I complain,
Tho' mem'ry loves to trace paſt time again.

Thus do I waſte the ſolitary day,
With tedious pace thus creep my hours away;
And when the Moon, rob'd in her paler light,
Reviſits mortals, and directs the night,
If then my weary'd ſtrength ſome ſlumber ſhares,
The Soul reflecting wakes to all her cares:
Deluſion o'er my Mind uſurps command,
And rules each ſenſe with Fancy's magic wand.
One moment tidings of Forgiveneſs brings,
Deſcending Mercy ſpreads her Cherub wings;
Our guards are vaniſh'd, ev'ry grief effac'd,
We meet again, embracing and embrac'd.——
O Bliſs ſupreme!——but too ſupreme to laſt;
Ere words can find their way, the Viſion's paſt:

It fleets, I call it back,——it will not hear,
And fearful ſhadows in its place appear.
The unrelenting Queen ſtalks fiercely by,
Fate on her brow, and Fury in her eye.——
Hark! the dread ſignal that compleats our woes!——
Hark! the loud ſhoutings of our barb'rous Foes!——
I ſee the axe rear'd high above thy head,——
It falls!—and GUILFORD's number'd with the dead.
Alas! how ghaſtly!——Ev'ry vein ſtreams blood,
And the pale corpſe ſinks in the crimſon flood.——
Could that ſad form be once my ſoul's delight?——
Quick tear the mad'ning phantom from my ſight.
Hold, hold your hands, ye miniſters of fate,
Suſpend the blow, leſt Mercy come too late;
Let Innocence at laſt your pity move,
And ſpare my Lord, my Huſband, and my Love!—
NORTHUMBERLAND! Thee, Thee could I upbraid,
And bid Thee view the ruin thou haſt made.

This

This tragic picture thy ambition plann'd,
And all its colours own thy daring hand.
But thou art fall'n !—Nor ſhall my parting breath
Call out for Vengeance in the hour of death :
I as thou wert, am to the Scaffold doom'd,
Soon with my Anceſtors muſt lie entomb'd;
With the World's tranſient conteſts I have done,
The haſt'ning ſands of Life are nearly run ;
A moment ſuch as this, is not the time
To blame thy weakneſs, or reproach thy crime !
May all remembrance of thy guilt ſubſide,
And the dark Grave thy duſt and frailties hide !

The ſearching eye of Heav'n, whoſe wiſdom darts
Thro' all the mean diſguiſes of our hearts,
And ev'ry ſilent motive, knows alone
With what reluctance I approach'd the Throne.

I never

I never figh'd for Grandeur's envy'd rays,
For regal Honours, or a Nation's praiſe.
My boſom never felt Ambition's fire;
For what exchange could GUILFORD's Wife deſire?
The bloom of MAY beneath our feet was ſpread,
And all its roſes deck'd our nuptial bed.
With Thee conjoin'd, each ſocial joy I found;
With Thee converſing, Pleaſure breath'd around.
To prize the world aright, and form the mind
To my lov'd books my leiſure I reſign'd:
Or abſent thou, to cheer the ev'ning's gloom,
Encircled with my Maidens, ply'd the Loom.
PEACE was my *Siſter*, and my *Friend* CONTENT,
The beſt Companions e'er to Mortals ſent;
Plac'd at my ſide, they tun'd their ſoothing lyres,
And ſung thoſe carols Innocence inſpires.
But when, obedient to a Father's pow'r,
And the laſt wiſh of EDWARD's dying hour,

Deſtructive

Deſtructive counſel! I my home forſook,
Aſſum'd the Purple, and the Sceptre took,
Swift from my ſight the heav'nly Pair withdrew,
And *Friend* and *Siſter* bade me both adieu.

Let ſuch as, flatter'd by a pompous name,
Riſk their own quiet in purſuit of Fame,
Beware th' exchange; awhile their purpoſe turn,
And from a *wretched Queen* one moral learn.
It is the cheat of ev'ry worldly joy,
To tempt when diſtant, but poſſeſs'd to cloy;
Hence flows a truth of much import, 'tis this;
" Content's the higheſt pitch of human bliſs."
Strange we ſhould then the proffer'd boon reject!
All know to ſeek it, yet the ſearch neglect.
To no one ſoil, no ſtation 'tis confin'd,
Springing, if cultur'd, in each ſteady mind,

Far from Ambition's fiery Tract it flies,
But lives with Virtue, and with Virtue dies!

O had our lot by kinder Stars been thrown
Beneath ſome lonely ſhade, to Fame unknown;
Far from thoſe Scenes remov'd, where Pride reſorts,
Far from the Cares, far from the Crimes of Courts,
Unconſcious of the Thorns which wound the Great,
Our lengthen'd years had own'd a happier Fate:
Pleas'd with our Fortune, by ourſelves approv'd,
Secure from Envy, and by all belov'd.
Whilſt, from a buſy, faithleſs World retir'd,
By no blind Folly vex'd, no Paſſion fir'd,
Calmly we then afar had heard the Strife,
The Noiſe, the Tumult that perplexes Life;
Smil'd at Contention's viſionary plan,
And the vain Toils of ſelf-deluded Man.

Yet ceaſe, my heart, theſe plaintive murmurs ceaſe;
For why, my GUILFORD, ſhould I wound thy peace?
Why with imagin'd joys thy thoughts engage,
Since we are fetter'd on a tragic Stage?
But ſay, what Tyranny can reach the Soul?
What Terrors ſhake her, or what Force controul?
Immortal as the Pow'r from whence ſhe ſprings,
Sick of her home, ſhe mounts on Fancy's wings,
With inborn Freedom nouriſh'd, ſpurns her chains,
And roves unbounded thro' ideal ſcenes!
Ideal joys are all I now have left,
Of Thee,——a Crown,——and Liberty bereft;
Torn from the pleaſures of domeſtic Life,
From each fond rapture of a virtuous Wife:
By all Hope here forſaken!——'tis in vain
That Reaſon whiſpers I ſhould not complain:
A ſigh will heave, in ſpite of all my pow'rs;
And ſighs are due to Miſeries like ours.——

Ha!

Ha! meet no more!——How cruel the decree!——
Heart-rending ſentence!——No——It muſt not be.
Down priſon walls, each obſtacle remove,
And let me claſp once more the Man I love!
One parting look a wretched Wife deſires;
One parting kiſs the ſeal of Death requires!——
And is there none to plead th' Unhappy's ſuit?——
——All ears are deaf, and ev'ry tongue is mute!——
Then, come the worſt—Yet, howſoe'er diſtreſt,
Still ſhall thy Image live within my breaſt;
My ſenſes ſtill that object ſhall purſue,
And each fond wiſh be offer'd up for You.
Tho', all unfeeling for this bleeding heart,
Our Foes diſmiſs to Heav'n thy nobler part,
Deep in the duſt thy injur'd Form I'll trace,
And grudge th'unconſcious Grave its cold embrace.—
But hold thy hand, preſumptuous Woman, hold;
Too warm thy paſſion, as thy pen too bold.

Far other thoughts the preſent hour demands,
Lo! at my ſide the ſhadowy Monarch ſtands;
Aid me, great Teacher, this hard conflict end,
Tho' *King of Terrors* call'd, I'll hail thee *Friend!*
Since thou alone portray'ſt to mortal eyes
How weak, how baſeleſs are the joys we prize:
Thou mock'ſt our uſeleſs toils, our mimic ſtate,
And warn'ſt a brother, by a brother's fate!
Thy moral then ſhall not be loſt on me,
Convinc'd, my Soul approves the juſt decree;
And unrepining quits this ſcene of Strife,
Which points thro' Virtue to a happier Life.

The Prieſt this morn, with ev'ry Art endu'd,
Th' accurſed purpoſe hath again renew'd;
" Be ours," he cries, " our better Faith embrace,
" And live Preſerver of your falling Race.

" Tho'

" Tho' yet miſled, ſtand forth the Child of ROME,
" The Queen, in mercy, will avert your doom."
Merciful Queen!——Yet ſince thus greatly kind,
Tell us what mercy ſhall th' Apoſtate find?
Thy royal mandate may decide our fates,
But Peace alone on conſcious Duty waits;
Who wars againſt it, does the work of hell,
And arms a demon he can never quell;
Whoſe ſhafts receiv'd, ſearch the wide globe around,
Nor herb, nor balſam heals the fatal wound.
Bear back, falſe WINCHESTER, thy proffer'd Bliſs,
Weigh Crowns and Kingdoms with a deed like this,
Far, far too light in Wiſdom's eye they ſeem,
Nor ſhake the ſcale, while Reaſon holds the beam.——
And can ſhe, GUILFORD, deem me ſunk ſo low,
So fondly wedded to this world of woe,
To think her bounty would my fears entice
To purchaſe fleeting breath at ſuch a price?

Which when obtain'd, the poor precarious toy
A thouſand ills might weaken, or deſtroy?——
No——Since I'm ſworn a Siſter to Miſchance,
Let the Clouds gather, let the Storm advance,
Unmov'd, its burſting horrors I'll defy,
And ſteady to my Faith a Martyr die.
For Life's, alas! too like the tranſient Roſe,
Which oft is blaſted the ſame day it blows;
Its beauty from the wind a blight receives,
Or ſome foul canker taints its crimſon Leaves!
Nor judge it hard to fall an early Flow'r,
Reſcu'd perchance from ſome tempeſt'uous Shower,
From noxious Vapours arm'd with force to kill,
The noontide Sunbeam, or the ev'ning's Chill.
Howe'er the thought appal, Death's gloomy road
By ev'ry mortal foot muſt once be trod!
Deep thro' the vale of tears Man's journey lies,
And ſorrow beſt prepares him for the Skies!——

O then

O then, my Huſband, I conjure thee, hear,
If SUFFOLK's Daughter e'er to Thee was dear,
By ev'ry wiſh of happineſs to come,
By ev'ry hope beyond the mould'ring Tomb;
If anxious that thy better fame ſhould ſoar,
And ſhine applauded when the man's no more:
Let not the wily Churchman win thine ear,
Or ſooth thy weakneſs by his fraudful care;
But arm'd with Conſtancy's unfailing ſhield,
As God's own ſoldier valiant, ſcorn to yield.
So when Religion, ſtript of each diſguiſe,
In ancient purity again ſhall riſe,
To her true throne once more ſhall be reſtor'd,
And rule by *Reaſon*, ſtronger than the *Sword*,
Poſterity our merits may atteſt,
And our fair deeds by all good men be bleſt.
In diſtant times, then ſhall old people tell
How firmly GUILFORD and his Conſort fell.

To all their liſt'ning family relate,
How our Faith triumph'd, tho' our Woes were great.
Then ſhall each Youth and Maid our names revere,
Grace our ſad Story with a gen'rous tear,
And give our duſt this *Requiem* with a ſigh,
" Peace guard the Shrine where Virtue's Children lie."

O THOU SUPREME, on whom we all depend,
Our common Parent, and our common Friend,
Who deign'ſt to watch us from thy diſtant ſkies,
Bidding the pray'rs of humbled ſuff'rers riſe,
Ruler of heav'n, ſtretch forth thy mighty hand,
And ſave from civil rage my native Land.

Let ROME's ambitious Sons no more prevail,
Blaſt all their hopes, and let their counſels fail.
Raiſe up ſome Prince to perfect that great plan
Thy ſervant EDWARD (under Thee) began;

That Error's clouds diſpers'd, may ne'er return,
And thy pure Light with fires rekindled burn.
So Peace, ſad fugitive, again ſhall ſmile,
And fix her dwelling on this proſper'd Iſle.——
Whilſt for myſelf one only boon I crave,
Support that Fortitude thy Mercy gave;
The heart thou mad'ſt, preſerve ſeverely juſt,
Firm in its fate, and ſteady to its truſt.
There, whilſt it beats, thy praiſe ſhall ever reign,
Live, whilſt it lives, and flow in ev'ry vein:
Praiſe the ſole tribute I have left to give,
Nay, all a God from Mortals can receive.

Come then, my Lord, my Huſband, and my Love,
(For Death alone thoſe titles ſhall remove)
With decent courage meet thy certain doom,
Nor ſhrink with horror at the op'ning tomb.

What

What from the Grave can Virtue have to fear?
'Tis peace, 'tis refuge from the worſt deſpair:
All ſtrife, all human conteſts 'twill adjuſt,
Nor can the hand of Pow'r inſult the duſt!——
Religion ſitting by the mourner's ſide
Inſpires that comfort which the World deny'd;
And, 'midſt our woes, of this one truth we're ſure,
Whate'er is mortal cannot long endure.
Our Pains, as well as Joys, ſoon find an end,
And, tir'd of both, we call our Shroud a Friend!——
Meet it as ſuch, my GUILFORD, nor thy Soul
O'er-awe with fancy, or with fear controul.
Think, 'twill the rigour of thy lot repay,
Think, 'tis a paſſport to the Realms of day.
On Faith's ſtrong pinions thou ſhalt wing thy flight,
And (the World conquer'd) with the Bleſt unite.
The pomp of death, the Scaffold, and the Steel,
The man recoiling, may an inſtant feel,

For Nature will be heard; but be thy mind
Warm with its future proſpects, and reſign'd.——
What then remains for me?—Ah! wherefore aſk?—
Fain would my trembling pen avoid the taſk;
Here would it ſtop, nor wake thy ſuff'rings more,
But idle Ceremony now is o'er;
Theſe tear-ſtain'd lines muſt their whole purpoſe tell,
And bid my dying Lord a laſt farewell.
A laſt! a long farewell! —Oh cruel ſound,
It pains, it tears, it harrows up my wound.
Alas! the tranſient dream!—Down, rebel heart,—
Yet, keen their pangs that muſt for ever part!——
A thouſand, thouſand things I had to ſay,
But the fleet minutes ſuffer no delay.
Might theſe fond eyes once more that Form behold,
Theſe Arms, tho' 'twere in death, my Love enfold?
A Woman's weakneſs ſure might be forgiven,
And this laſt frailty be abſolv'd by Heav'n,——

'Twas

'Twas a raſh wiſh;—no—ſhun me,—for I fear
A final interview we could not bear!
Ere yet a little ſpace, this ſcene will cloſe,
And end the malice of our ruthleſs foes.
Arm'd as we are for Fate, we'll die content;
Fortune hath done its worſt,——its Rage is ſpent.
To happier Manſions we ſhall ſoon remove,
And meet in bliſs, for we ſhall meet Above,
Crown'd with eternal Peace, we then ſhall own
How poor the conteſt for a worldly Throne!
No feuds, no treaſons can our joys moleſt,
Or ſhake th' immortal triumphs of the Bleſt!——
And ſee, our wiſh'd-for Haven is not far,
This hope ſhall cheer us like a guiding Star;
Safe in our ſea-beat Bark we'll ſtem the flood
And ſpread each ſail to meet the coming Good.——
Deſcend, my Guardian Angel, from the ſkies,
In my firm breaſt let dauntleſs Virtue riſe;

Looſe,

Looſe, looſe all ties that hold me captive here,
And from my mem'ry blot what moſt was dear. ——
Yes, my Deliv'rer, yes, I find thy aid;
Each paſſion's calm, and all the ſtorm is laid.
I felt its influence, GUILFORD, as I ſpoke;
The complicated chain at length is broke;
Life's vain Enchantments all have ta'en their flight,
And Earth diminiſh'd fades before my ſight;
One laſt, ſad, parting ſigh is left for You:
The reſt is Heav'n's:—a long—long—long Adieu!

TO

TO
A LADY
Going to bathe in the SEA.
WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXV.

VENUS, moſt Hiſtories agree,
Sprang from the Ferment of the Sea;
Yet I confeſs I'm always loth
To think ſuch Beauty was but Froth;
Or, that the Ocean, which more odd is,
Should from a Bubble ſpawn a GODDESS.
Tho' hence, my LAURA, learned Fellows,
Of ſuch its wond'rous pow'rs ſtill tell us,
That ev'ry Mother brings her Daughter
To dip in this ſpecific Water,

Expecting

Expecting from the briny wave
Charms which it once to VENUS gave.

Theſe charms, my LAURA, ſtrive to gain;
And that you may not bathe in vain
I'll here, as well as I am able,
Give you *a Moral* to this Fable.

Would you a GODDESS reign o'er all?
From the wide Flood its virtues call;
Free from each ſtain your boſom keep,
Clear be it as this azure Deep,
Which no capricious paſſion knows,
But duly ebbs, and duly flows;
Tho' ſometimes ruffled, calm'd as ſoon,
Still conſtant to its faithful MOON,
At whoſe dear ſight with Pride it ſwells,
And to each Shore its chaſte Love tells:

Heedleſs

Heedleſs of ev'ry change of weather
That wafts a ſtraw, or coxcomb-feather,
Which only on the Surface play,
And unobſerv'd are waſh'd away.

Reflect, that lodg'd within its breaſt
The *modeſt* PEARL delights to reſt,
Thence charms us by its *virgin white*,
Or pours its *Bluſhes* on our ſight.
In Yours, thus ever may we trace
Each tempting Charm, each bluſhing Grace;
To theſe let Judgment value give,
And in that ſeat of Beauty live.

This *Moral* keep before your eyes,
Plunge —— and *a New-born* VENUS riſe.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

Who admirably ſupported the Character of a *Judge*, at Mrs. PHIPPS's Maſquerade in HAMPSHIRE, 1765

THAT Law's a dull, laborious thing
All people readily allow;
To love it few their minds can bring,
To me, it ne'er had Charms till now.

But when the *Judge's* look and mien,
So well the ſprightly FERGUS hit,
Quite chang'd was then this Study ſeen,
For each man wiſh'd to follow it.

Had MONTESQUIEU but heard this Maid
Decide ſo ſmartly ev'ry Cauſe,
He'd not have ſcrupled to have ſaid,
" She ſpeaks *the Spirit of the Laws!*"

TO

A FRIEND,

On New-Year's Day, 1766.

AS Rivers tow'rd th' ingulphing Ocean glide,
So TIME, my Friend, moves on its ſteady Tide:
Still flows—for whom?—Us Loit'rers on the Shore;
To all that are departed, Time's no more!
In its Abimes what Myriads ſwept from view!
The Courſe they took, we alſo muſt purſue.——
Then, as adown its haſt'ning Stream we ſail,
Let WISDOM waft us with propitious Gale;
To VIRTUE yield the Helm, for when ſhe ſteers
We ſhun all dangers and avoid all fears:

Beneath her guidance ſafe, it matters not

What ſhare of future Life ſhall be our lot.

Enjoy the preſent with a cheerful Mind,

Nor let aught charm that leaves a Pang behind.

Should the dark Storm our Paſſage overcaſt,

HOPE's radiant beams ſhall light us to the laſt!——

And if more years the righteous Heav'ns decree,

If many circling days like *This* you ſee,

Still may they happy as your wiſhes prove,

And ſtronger twiſt the bands of Friendſhip and of Love!

PROLOGUE,

On opening of the new Theatre, at SOUTHAMPTON, 1766.

Spoken by the Manager.

AS new-ſprung Flow'rs rear up the tender head,
And to the parent Sun their foliage ſpread,
In us, juſt budding, the ſame action view,
Op'ning, we turn with Gratitude *to You*.
You are *our Sun*, You have the pow'r *to raiſe* * ;
We *feel* your Comfort, and *reflect* your Praiſe.
By *You* protected, we may here *take root*,
Warm'd by *Your* ſmiles here too may *boldly ſhoot* ;

* The Theatre was built by ſubſcription.

And that we more may flouriſh ev'ry hour,
Cheriſh us often——with a *Golden Show'r.*

But Metaphor apart, behold in Me
The Guardian of this Stage.——This magic Key
Unlocks the various ſcene, and brings to view,
Whate'er the pens of ableſt Poets drew:
I ſhew the *Living*, ſummon up the *Dead*,
And bid them by mine Art before you tread;
Provoke your laughter, fire your breaſts with glory,
Or aſk your tears to grace ſome tragic ſtory.——
As yet, you little know how great my ſtore,
Of *Kings* and *Queens* I here have many a ſcore;
Aye, and materials too for making more.——
Stories of ancient Times I alſo *trade in*,
Of Heroes, have *a large aſſortment* laid in,
And can at will *take down* as beſt may ſuit us,
A Cato, Falstaff, Mahomet, or Brutus.——

There

There *, is lock'd up my *Light'ning*—there *, my
Thunder,
My *Devils* here †——for thoſe we muſt keep under.
Behind are Children ready to be ſtrangled,
Couples juſt fit in love to be entangled,
Traitors that on the Rack ne'er think of pain,
Virgins oft *raviſh'd*, that quite *chaſte* remain,
Women, who tho' they're murder'd, ſtill ſurvive,
Nay what's more ſtrange, by often dying, thrive;
Ghoſts, that can eat and drink in Poiſon's ſpite,
And men who bear a ſtabbing ev'ry night.

When Comedy's your taſte, I can give birth
To Wit, to Satire, or good-humour'd Mirth:
I've griping Fathers,——old fantaſtic Mothers,——
Kind envious Siſters,——and deſigning Brothers;——

* Pointing to the upper parts of the Stage.
† Pointing to beneath the Stage.

Sly Knaves, who e'en their boſom-friends would cozen—
With Beaux, Coquets, and Coxcombs by the dozen;
So, that come when you will, you're always ſure
Of ſeeing here, *the World in miniature.*
Whilſt I, ſtill zealous in the Drama's cauſe,
Cheriſh no greater wiſh than your Applauſe.

A CARD
TO
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
On his playing Hamlet, after his Return from Italy in 1766.

FROM Death's long ſleep had Shakespear roſe,
And ſeen Thee paint his Muſe of fire,
Portray ſo well young Hamlet's woes;
What could the Poet more deſire?

Thine Eye the Soul's great purpoſe bears,
With Thee we melt, with Thee we freeze;
You guide our Spirits, and our Tears,
And rule our Paſſions, as you pleaſe.

ON

Seeing Mrs. GARRICK in a Country Dance.

WRITTEN AT BATH IN THE

YEAR M.DCC.LXVI.

LIGHT as THE HOURS that round APOLLO play
And with gay Steps lead on the op'ning Day; *
AMANDA mingling in the Dance is ſeen,
From all diſtinguiſh'd, ſmilingly ſerene;
Each Motion's Eaſe, and Elegance, and Grace:——
Read how ſhe charms—in each Beholder's Face.

* Alluding to the Picture of GUIDO's AURORA.

TO

TO
BIDDY*
AT
BATH.

Written in 1766, after Mr. and Mrs. GARRICK's Return to England.

BIDDY, ſay —— for you have been
Much abroad, and much have ſeen,
Croſs'd the Channel to and fro,
Paſs'd the ALPS, and River Po,

* A beautiful little Dog, which MRS. GARRICK had for many Years, well known to all her Friends, as an old, and remarkable Favorite.

View'd

View'd with ſpeculative Glance

Boaſted ITALY, and FRANCE,

Notic'd ev'ry Thing moſt curious,

What was genuine, what was ſpurious;

Full as good are your Remarks,

As thoſe made by travell'd Sparks;

Nay, in yours I more confide,

Making NATURE ſtill your Guide,

On your ſoft, green Cuſhion lying,

Men and Manners ſlyly ſpying,

Shamming oft a cunning Sleep,

Better at their Ways to peep,

Nicely comb'd, and nicely curl'd——

BID, what think you of the World?——

What is all its Noiſe? its Strife?

What the paltry Views of Life?

Are they not a Flaſh, a Jeſt?

But a Pantomime at beſt?

Change of Scene, a painted Cheat,

Aim'd to mimic ſomething great?

Thro' the Globe, and through each Nation

All is Whim, and all is Faſhion;

Blockheads oft on ſlighteſt Claim

Riſe to Honors, Wealth, and Fame;

Moſt Men to Self-int'reſt bend,

Quit their Eaſe to gain their End,

On the Gallop, on the Fret,

Something unattain'd to get!

While they think no Creature ſees them,

Death purſuing with his Beſom,

Sweeps them all in little heaps,

Which the neighb'ring Church-yard keeps;

And

And thus daily clears the Stage,
That new Actors may engage.——

But does not your rage rise quick?
As a Dog are you not *sick?*
When you see that Men of Parts
Hate a *Rival* from their Hearts?
And keep under, or neglect
Merit which they should protect?
Commentators still disputing,
Not with *Ink*, but *Gall*, refuting?
Critic Wits their Time misusing,
And their Talents in abusing?
Tho' when they have spit their Spite,
'Tis not worth a Straw, who's right!——
Vain are Learning's Pow'rs, but when
Candour guides the Heart and Pen!

When

When inſtructing, they diſpenſe
Fruits of ſweet Benevolence!——

BIDDY, you amidſt this Scuffle
Han't one Care your Coat to ruffle;
Pillow'd with Content and Eaſe,
All your Aim is how to pleaſe;
And to ſuch a Wiſh kind Heav'n
A Reward hath ever giv'n!

You ſee none but *happy Folks*,
Hear your MASTER's ſprightly Jokes,
View him practiſe all thoſe Parts
Which can *chill*, or *melt* our Hearts;
Or in hours of feſtive leiſure,
Spreading Wit, and ſocial Pleaſure:
Whilſt your MISTRESS, whom each Grace
Still attends from place to place,

In whoſe cultivated Mind
Ev'ry charm of Senſe we find,
Deigns your Merit to approve,
And rewards you with her Love. ——

Nor will ſoon your Joys decay;
Tho' each Dog *muſt have his Day*,
At the call of Fate you'll go
To ELYSIAN Scenes below
Where your Couſin CERBERUS,
Whoſe *three Mouths* make ſuch a Fuſs,
Shall on your account ſtop *Two*,
Barking ſoft, to welcome you,
And conduct you to the Shade
Where pale PROSERPINE array'd
Sits majeſtic; with ſurprize
She ſhall mark your Air and Size,
Charm'd,

Charm'd, her little Gueſt ſhall treat
With new Teeth, new Eyes and Feet,
Teach you all the puppy Tricks
Play'd on t'other ſide of STYX,
Of each fav'rite Dog get rid,
Fondling only gentle BID.

N° 4.
Bauré Sc.

THE

ALPS.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXIII.

DE EDUCANDIS LIBERIS

LIBER SECUNDUS

TO

THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

Rector of WELWYN, in HERTFORDSHIRE:

Whoſe GENIUS, LEARNING, and VIRTUES,

have ſo long gained him

The ADMIRATION and ESTEEM of the Public,

THIS POEM

Is inſcribed by the HAND of FRIENDSHIP,

As a MEMORIAL of the

Affectionate Regard of

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Subject of this Poem comprehends a Variety of Mountains, known under the general Name of the Alps, extending from Germany, and from France to the Tirol, by which they are parcelled out.

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Subject of this Poem comprehends all that Chain of Mountains, known under the general Name of the ALPS, extending from ITALY to GERMANY, and from FRANCE to the Tirol, by whatever Denomination they are particularly diſtinguiſhed.

BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

WAR

THE
ALPS.

BRIGHT Goddeſs, I obey! with rapture hear,
Thy ſummoning voice, O FANCY, Parent ſweet
Of ev'ry Muſe, and faireſt of the Train,
Who on th' AONIAN Hill with ceaſeleſs Song
Inſpire true Harmony.——Lo! where She comes
Adown yon ſloping cliff with graceful ſtep
Winding a devious path, acroſs her neck
Her Lyre looſe hung, and her diſhevel'd hair,
And Robe refulgent with unnumber'd hues,
Light floating on the wind.——Immortal Nymph,

Theſe

Theſe ſcenes are oft thy haunt, o'er Nature's works
For ever ranging, various as themſelves.
Now TEMPE charms, and now the balmy Gales
That ſportive play along the peaceful ſhore
Of fertile BAJÆ: ſoon thy ſated eye
Tir'd with their flow'ry beauties, ſeeks the Heath
Barren and pathleſs, where with guilt appall'd
Stalks the lone Murd'rer: Then thou rid'ſt the Storm,
And midſt the craſh of Elements wakeful ſit'ſt
On ſome rude Rock ('gainſt which the foaming Deep
Breaks fearful,) liſt'ning to the fruitleſs ſhrieks
Of ſhipwreck'd Mariners; or, if the Paſt
Delight thee more, wing'ſt thy excurſive ſoul
To hover o'er His tomb whoſe loſs thou mourn'ſt,
That FAVOUR'D CHILD who ſleeps on AVON's banks,
Crown'd with eternal Fame.——O ſhould my feet
Not too unhallow'd ſeem, with joy I'd tread
Thy ſteps o'er hill and vale, with thee aſcend

The craggy ſummit of yon Mountains bound
In ever during Froſt, or from its ſource
Trace the free torrent to the op'ning Lake.

In this wild ſcene of Nature's true Sublime
What proſpects riſe! Rocks above Rocks appear,
Mix with th' incumbent clouds, and laugh to ſcorn
The proudeſt boaſts of art. In fleecy ſnow
Some mantled, others their enormous backs
Heave high, with foreſts crown'd; nor midſt the view
Are wanting thoſe who their inſulting heads
Barren and bleak, uprear as in contempt
Of vegetative laws. Nor yet are they
Unfruitful, deep within their quarries lie
The Marble various vein'd; and the rich Ore
Winds its ſlow growth: nor here unfrequent found
The Cryſtal, catching from its min'ral bed
A changeful tinge, yellow, or red, or green,

Azure,

Azure, or violet; wanting ſtrength alone
To be the gem it mimics. On theſe heights
Blooms many a modeſt flowret ſcarcely known
E'en to the vale beneath, tho' ſweet as thoſe
That, when proud ROME was Miſtreſs of the World,
Adorn'd the ſhrines of FLORA. Many a ſhrub
Of ſov'reign uſe, and medicinal herb
Spread forth their humble leaves, by careleſs foot
Of ſhepherd trampled, till ſome chance diſcloſe
Their latent virtues. Heaven, to ſooth the ills
Which ſap this mortal Frame, hath ſtrew'd the Earth
With Plants like theſe, nor from its Children here
Withheld its hand. The trickling Rill preſents
Slow bubbling out a ſalutary Draught,
With Ore impregnated, its mazy path
Tinging like gold; others or warm, or hot,
Sulphureous, form a ſtrength-reſtoring Bath
In nooks impervious to the mid-day Sun.——

Here

Here the fleet Roebuck darts, as thro' the woods
The hunter's horn re-echoes; Here the Wolf
Prowls ſavage, ſhunning, ſave by want compell'd,
The haunts of Men: tardy and cautious moves
The cumbrous Bear; the fearful Lev'ret too
In his white hue confiding, on the ſnow
Reſts fearleſs and unmark'd; while o'er the cliffs
Moſt rude, and cas'd by winter's icy hand,
Wild as the ſcene he loves, the IBEX* bounds.

From this proud Eminence EUROPA pours
Her ampleſt Rivers down, whoſe gentle ſprings
Or on the GLACIERS, or ST. GOTHARD'S top,
Or midſt the GRISONS complicated ſtates
Firſt riſing, ſwell with many an added ſtream,
And in their paſſage Provinces remote

* A ſpecies of Wild-Goat inhabiting the coldeſt parts of the ALPS.

Adorn and fertilize. From hence along
The Plains of LOMBARDY the rapid Po,
With haſte impetuous, ruſhes on to meet
The ADRIATIC. Raging as he goes,
O'er intercepting rocks the DANUBE rolls
With many a River leagu'd, eager to ſeek
The diſtant EUXINE. The tumultous RHONE,
Mingling its waters with the LEMAN lake,
Precipitates its courſe thro' cities fair
And purple vineyards, till the ſea ingulph
Th' augmented torrent. Here the double RHINE
Blends its twin ſtreams yet ſlender, and from COIRE
In circuit ſweeps to CONSTANCE, then adown
The rugged cliffs of LAUFFEN furious pours
The boiling Cataract,* with thund'ring roar
Far echo'd: in its daſhing fall the Foam

* The famous fall of the RHINE.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd by the eddying winds, diſperſes round
A miſty Show'r. The EMPIRE now It ſkirts,
Wide and more wide expanding, and (too juſt
An emblem this of human glory) ſinks
In BELGIC ſands, unnotic'd, and forgot! ——
Here ſmaller Fountains ope their gelid ſtores,
And Springs unnumber'd burſt, but who can ſearch
Their ſecret ſources? to recount their names
Were taſk too hard. Yet in my verſe ſhall flow
The winding RUSS, the far reſounding ARVE,
The ADDA much diſtain'd, the wandring AAR,
And the bright TESSIN's clear tho' rapid ſtream.

Theſe as they glide along ſurvey their banks
With mountains circled that appear to bend
Beneath the woods they bear. The mournful Larch
Its drooping foliage hangs: the ſtately Pines,
Their boughs together mix'd, in cloſe array

(Wedg'd

(Wedg'd like the ancient Phalanx,) from the axe
Rear their tall heads ſecure; on craggy cliffs
Rooted, or over Precipices dread
Waving their umbrage broad: while other Hills,
Tho' painful their aſcent, ſpread their ſteep ſides
Rich in the gifts of CERES, where the plow
Might ſeem a ſtranger; yet the barren Rock,
That but a quarry ſhews, on its wide top
Expands fair paſtures, where the Villager,
What time the Snow beneath the vernal Sun
Diſſolves, leads up his flocks, to paſs the heats
In rural cares, 'till the dark ſhort'ning day,
And the rough blaſt, which herald-like precedes
Th' approach of winter, warns him to the Vale.

Lo! where yon Summits court our ſteps, how wild
The rocky path! now their rude points reflect
The darting Sunbeam, and anon are loſt

In clouds and paſſing vapours!——Their aſcent
Muſt not affright; NATURE like ſome coy FAIR,
Spreads not her Charms at once, but hides them half
From timid Gazers.——On thy Brow, SALEVE*,
(Thy well-known Brow, that hath ſo often woo'd
My penſive mind) I catch with greedy eye
Th' enchanting Landſcape, beyond fiction fair;
Where towns, and caſtles lie diſpers'd, and woods,
And ruddy vineyards, where its proudeſt boaſt,
GENEVA's Turrets riſe; and yon blue Lake
A far-ſtretch'd mirror ſpreads: its Boſom ſhews
Th' inverted proſpect, circled in with hills
And cliffs, a Theatre immenſe!——But this
No peril wears to him who dares attempt

* A high Mountain about four or five miles diſtant from GENEVA, riſing perpendicularly above the ARVE, and commanding a delightful view of the LAKE, and the different Countries that lie round it.

The GLACIERS slippery track, or climbs the Steeps
Of TOURNE, or ST. GOTHARD, or hath join'd
The toiling paſſengers o'er CENIS Mount,
Or great ST. BERNARD: Scarce the aching ſight
Suſtains the view, Rocks beyond Rocks ariſe,
In ever varying ſhapes. There piles of Snow
And daſhing Cat'racts chill; here a thick Miſt
Steals on us while we gaze, and all below
Like one wide Ocean ſhows!—It breaks,—it fleets,—
A new Creation burſts upon our ſight,
Clear and more clear emerging: Now diſtinct
On the far Plain behold the lab'ring Ox,
The buſied Huſbandman, and ſhepherd Boys
Tending their fleecy fold.—From heights like theſe
How little they appear!—diminiſh'd!—faint!—
Nay all beneath how ſmall!——Nor will the Muſe,
Beſt-heard inſtructeſs, in her verſe forbear
To wreath the moral lay——So looks the World

To him whoſe philoſophic mind hath curb'd
Its viſionary hopes; as he aſcends
The rock of Virtue, all Life's envy'd toys,
Lov'd, nay, ador'd before, ſhrink from the ſight;
Pauſing, he wonders they could charm ſo long,
Then to the ſenſeleſs Pageant bids farewel!

Thrice happy Regions! could we mount the Winds
And poſt around the Globe, where ſhould we find
A calmer dwelling? While deſtructive War,
With Diſcord leagu'd, rings her infernal peal
And fires the mad'ning Crowd, thy Vallies hear
No ſounds but thoſe of Peace; ſecure the Swain
Bears plenty to his fields, nor fears a foe
Shall reap the harveſt.——ITALY may boaſt
Its rip'ning Sun, its azure Skies;——how ſweet
Are ARNO's fruitful Banks!——how proudly ſmile
Thy Hills, imperial FLORENCE!—— nor to me

Unknown thy Myrtle Shades, thy Orange Groves,
PARTHENOPE *: yet far more pleas'd I range
Theſe Scenes romantic, by th' endearing voice
Of LIBERTY allur'd. Here reigns CONTENT,
And Nature's Child SIMPLICITY, long ſince,
Exil'd from poliſh'd realms. Here ancient Modes
And ancient Manners ſway; the honeſt Tongue
The Heart's true meaning ſpeaks, nor maſks with guile
A double purpoſe: Induſtry ſupplies
The little Temp'rance aſks; and roſy Health
Sits at the frugal board.——If baniſh'd hence
Be LUXURY, and all the FINER ARTS
Which ſwell her train, ſay, Tenants of theſe Climes,
What loſe ye?—Rather tell how great your gain.—
No Grandeur, plac'd beyond your reach, torments,
No ſplendid objects light Ambition's fire,

* The ancient name of NAPLES.

Or point the ſtings of Envy. What but theſe
Fill Courts with ſighs? and lay ſuch aching heads
On beds of ſtate? —— By theſe, vain Man miſled,
Reſtleſs, purſues imaginary joys,
Which melt in air, and mock his graſp, nor ſtops
Till Death unfold his error; happier ye
Tread unaffected Wiſdom's paths, and ſhare
Life's real bleſſings. Fortune's niggard hand
Withholds in vain, thoſe treaſures which ſhe pours
Laviſh to others, Heav'n o'erpays the loſs,
And gives you minds ſuperior to her charms.

Whene'er Affliction viſits, ſhe calls forth
Virtues that from the Sunſhine of Succeſs
Shrink their diminiſh'd pow'rs; ſeverely kind
Her leſſons! ye have heard her chaſt'ning voice,
Ye brave HELVETII; tho' the olive wreath

Has long adorn'd your annals, time hath been
When blood hath ſtain'd them red; when Civil Strife,
Waving its crimſon Banner, call'd to arms,
And bade the Furies who await its nod,
Spread Deſolation.——Oft your little States
Have ſhook with danger, felt the hoſtile foot
Of foreign Legions, felt th' oppreſſive yoke
Of tyrant Rule; then were ye dauntleſs ſeen,
Zealous to curb the inſolence of Pow'r,
And claim what Nature gave.—From MORAT's Plain
What glorious Laurels ſprung *! when the rich Spoils
Of routed BURGUNDY beſtrew'd the duſt,
And harneſs'd Knights in many a glitt'ring heap,
Magnificent in ruin, preſs'd the field:

* It was at this place that, 1476, CHARLES LE HARDI, laſt duke of BURGUNDY, was defeated by the SWISS. The ſplendor of the great army he commanded, is mentioned by Hiſtorians as very remarkable.

Vain were their vaunted arms, the rising Sun
Now shew'd those faces pale, which erst had glow'd
With fond presage of Conquest! — But if love
Of old Renown survive, here yet remains
A nobler Monument to charm: Come ye
Whose souls can feel for others, come and tread
In luxury of thought, the woody sides
Of LUCERN's Lake, that washes with its streams
States not unknown to Fame. Tho' the sight meet
Nor trophy'd Pillar, nor the Victor's Arch,
(Sad register of slaughter!) we may view
A soil that nurtur'd Heroes: Men who dar'd,
Spite of a Tyrant's menace, to throw off
Chains that disgrac'd their Country, and restore
Its Happiness with Freedom. Yes, my Muse,
Partake this Country's transport, let the tear
Steal from thine eye as thou record'st the names

Of MELCHTAL, FURST, and STAUFFACH *; now [indulge
The grateful Ardour, as thou read'ſt the Tale
In Sculpture rude, or on th' Hiſtoric wall
Which artleſs hands have cloath'd. The taſk is thine
To ſing the brave, and lift th' aſpiring Soul
To deeds of brighteſt Fame. Entranc'd I'll ſit
Upon MONGARTEN's hill, and as I view
The ſpot by Valour memoriz'd, hear Thee tell
The high achievements of theſe Patriot Chiefs,
And the ſcant Troops they led; hear thee deſcribe
'Gainſt what a Hoſt they fought, how firm they ſtood,
To Death determin'd, this important Paſs,
Their bulwark, to defend, and how repuls'd,
Preſumptuous LEOPOLD, by thouſands back'd,
Retir'd an abject fugitive, diſmay'd

* The three Heroes who planned the Liberty of SWITZERLAND; of whom ſufficient mention hath already been made in the Preface to THE HELVETIAD.

To find what noble Minds by Juſtice rouz'd
Can dare for Liberty.——Hence ſhrunk the ſway
Of humbl'd AUSTRIA; Hence the various leagues
Which bind theſe realms of Brothers, Hence the ſmile
Each conſcious viſage wears! — Illuſtrious Shades!
Long, long enjoy the honours ye receive
From this confed'rate Land, teach it to prize
The bleſſings ye bequeath'd, and give them pure
To late Poſterity. In times remote,
Enamour'd of your worth, ſome Bard perchance
More equal to the Theme, ſhall riſe, and give
Your Names the laſting Triumph they demand!

Amidſt theſe Scenes ſtupendous, where the Soul
Feels all her faculties in wonder loſt,
Contemplative I'll roam thro' winding walks
Of ſhadowy Pines that court the breeze, and hear
The Torrent down its ſtony channel ſweep

With

With terror-ſtriking roar: nor would I fail
At dewy Eve to wander, when the Sun
To his pale Siſter's milder rule reſigns
The cloudleſs Skies, who as ſhe riſes, ſpreads
Her ſilver beams, and the ſnow-mantled tops
Of yonder mountains with a yellow Hue
Faint tinges, one expanded Sheet of light
Diffuſing: while the Shades from rock to rock
Irregularly thrown, with ſolemn gloom
Diverſify the whole.——This tranquil hour,
This awful ſilence, Meditation's due,
Forbids the mind to view with careleſs eye
Creation's works, or uninſtructed gaze.

Yet Nature ſmiles not always: there are times
When her Throne totters, and her ancient Realm
Shakes from its deep foundations. Hollow blaſts
Heard from the turbid Weſt, proclaim at hand

The ALPINE Tempeſt.——All the dark'ning air
A gloomy ſilence holds, and clouds ſurcharg'd,
Preſs lab'ring 'gainſt the Mountain's ſide; alarm'd
The Swain in haſte ſeeks ſhelter, nor too ſoon,
For the Storm burſts.—— Lo! where along the vale
A duſky Vapour ſweeps, and on its wings
Rides DEVASTATION.——Now the op'ning Skies
Pour forth a deluge, Rivers break their bounds,
And Torrents ſwell:——Down rolls the tow'ring Oak
From its high cliff up-rent, and the deep voice
Of Thunder roars tremendous, echo'd back
From ALP to ALP, and diſtant dies away
In faint, low murmurs:——Night perhaps at laſt
Augments the Horror, greater deem'd, from ſight
Each object ſhut; ſave while the tranſient Glare
Of the red Light'ning ſhoots, or where its fires
Have on a hill remote in ruin wrap'd
Some lonely Cottage: Meteor like, the gleam

Darts

Darts thro' the void; pale the ſad Owner ſtands,
Himſelf ſcarce ſav'd, and mourns his little All:
In vain! leagu'd with auxiliar winds, the Storm
Howls loud, and wafts the ruddy blaze to Heav'n.

Far other views chill Winter's hand diſplays,
When o'er the plains, and o'er the rocks, he ſpreads
His hoary mantle; when the thick'ning Air
Deſcends in feather'd Flakes. Each proſpect round
How wild! how ſhapeleſs!—Now, Streams wont to flow
With haſty currents, lazy creep, beneath
Th' incumbent Snow. The tall Fir's loaded branch
Waves like the Oſtrich plume; the fleecy ſhow'r,
Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills,
And faithleſs Levels.——Cautious be his ſteps
Who thro' theſe regions journeys while they wear
Their cold and dreary aſpect, leſt the Beam
Of ſome air-kindled Vapour, ſtreaming low

Its lucid exhalation, ſhould miſlead
The Traveller night-wand'ring, like the Star
That bright above the Arctic Circle yields
A ſeeming friendly ray, but only ſerves
To light the frozen Pilot to his fate.——
Nor let him unadvis'd the ſloping ſide
Of the ſteep Mountain climb, leſt from above
The ſnowy Piles o'erwhelm him ;* frequent now,
At dead of Night, remote their ſullen ſound
Strikes on the ſtartled ear.——Nor ſcarce more ſafe
In the broad eye of Day the paſſage lies,
Looking Security : by eddying winds
Or agitating ſounds, † the looſen'd ſnow

Firſt

* This ball or maſs of Snow is called the AVALANCHE; it is frequently of a prodigious ſize, and rolls from the ALPS in particular ſeaſons, rendering the paſſages very dangerous. Hiſtorians who have written of theſe countries, mention innumerable inſtances of the ravages and miſchiefs produced by it.

† It is the commonly received opinion in theſe countries,

that

Firſt mov'd, augmenting ſlides, then nodding o'er
The headlong-ſteep, plunges in air, and rolls
With one vaſt length of Ruin to the vale.——
Aghaſt beneath it the pale Victim ſees
The falling Promontory——ſees——and dies!——
Amidſt its horrors from the houſe of Death
Let me recall one true, one wretched Pair,
To the cold Tomb untimely ſunk. The Tale
I've heard from Shepherds, as they pointed out
The ſpot their ſtory noted, and have dropt
For hapleſs Love a ſympathizing tear.

In a lone Vale, waſh'd by th' impetuous ARVE,
Beneath the ſhade its talleſt mountain threw,
MATILDA dwelt; the ſole remaining hope

that any ſudden agitation of the air, ſuch as the firing a gun, loud ſhouting, &c. will at certain times occaſion the AVALANCHE.

Her

Her ancient Father knew, whose fruitful fields,
Cover'd with Flocks and Herds, spread wide around:
Her's was each blushing charm which Youth can boast
Or Nature's hand bestow; bright as the bloom
Of MAY, and mildly sweet as the soft gales
Whose vernal wings fan the first op'ning Flow'rs:
Nor was her mind less fair!—Each neighb'ring Swain
Had sigh'd and languish'd, on the tender bark
Inscrib'd MATILDA's name, or to her ear
Whisper'd his love,—in vain!—None, none were heard
Save young RODOLPHO, whose prevailing form
Had won her to his favour: on his brow
Sat native comeliness, and manly Fire
O'er all diffus'd its lustre. Yet with her
His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone each thought
That Delicacy knows, far more refin'd
Than suits the happy!—Much he had convers'd
With rev'rend Age, and learn'd from thence to prize

A rural Life; learn'd to prefer the Peace
Of his own woods, to the diſcordant din
Of populous cities.—— What but Fate could bar
Their wiſhes?—luckleſs Fate!—The morn was fix'd
To ſeal their plighted faith, the Bridegroom roſe
With all a Bridegroom's tranſport, call'd his Friends
To join the feſtive train, and haſten forth
To greet th' expecting Maid; ſtill as he went
Anticipating Fancy's magic hand
The thouſand raptures drew which youthful breaſts
Feel at approaching bliſs.—— Alas! how quick
Treads Woe in Pleaſure's footſteps!——Now purſue
The fated Youth, tho' words are far too weak
To ſpeak his horror, when, nor well-known Farm,
Nor wonted Flocks he ſaw, but in their place
A pond'rous Mound of ſnow.—— At early Dawn
From the near ALP the cumb'rous Ruin fell,
And cruſh'd her Father's roof. To lend their aid

Th'

Th' aſſembled Villagers were met, and now
From the cold maſs had brought once more to light
Th' ill-ſtarr'd MATILDA; lovely ſtill! — for ſtill
A bluſh was on her cheek, and her clos'd eye
Shew'd but as Sleep. Around her head ſhe wore
Her bridal Ornaments, deck'd as ſhe was
To wait the nuptial hour. — Ah! deck'd in vain,
The Grave thy Marriage bed! — On the ſad Scene
RODOLPHO gazes, ſtands awhile aghaſt,
The Semblance of Deſpair; his ſwelling breaſt,
Torn by conflicting Paſſions, from his tongue
Utt'rance withholds. He rolls his haggard eyes
On all around, as he would aſk, if e'er
Griefs ſuch as his were known?—Then o'er the dead
A moment pauſing, on her lips imprints
A thouſand frantic kiſſes, her cold hand
With ardour ſeizes, and in broken ſounds
Calls on MATILDA's name.—With that laſt word

The ſtruggling ſoul a paſſage finds, and down
He ſinks in Death, pale as the ambient ſnow!—

Tho' Perils wait the Foot that o'er theſe Heights
Purſues its path, yet Charity hath ſtrove
To ſooth their rigour, and ſupply thoſe aids
The ruthleſs ſcene denies. Amid the wilds
See where the cloyſter'd Hermit opens wide
His hoſpitable gate *, to welcome in
The ſick'ning Pilgrim, and afford Repoſe
To the way-weary Stranger, who partake
The proffer'd bounty; then renew'd in Strength,
Departing, bid the pious Manſion peace!

Here, FANCY, my conductreſs, let us reſt,
Enough our toil, for we have trodden paths

* On ſome of the mountains there are Convents and Hoſpitals for the relief of ſuch Paſſengers as want aſſiſtance.

New to the Muſe. Yet ere thy haſt'ning wings
Are ſpread for other Climes, here ſit awhile,
Glance o'er the Wonders of this various Land,
And take one farewell look.——The active Mind
What can controul? free as the vagrant Air,
It ſcorns all bounds, and darts into the Shades
Of dim Futurity!——E'en while I gaze
On you, ye Mountains wild, ye ſky-crown'd Rocks,
Sublimely great, that have defy'd the waſte
Of rolling Ages, brav'd ſo many Storms,
Unhurt, unſhaken, in the Round of Time,
I view your period; when internal War
Rends your Foundations, when your Mines ſhall flame,
And your Volcanos burſting from beneath
Spread wider Conflagration.——Then your Woods
Shall blaze with horror,——Then your lofty Heads
Smould'ring conſume, and like the Snows they bore
All ſink diſſolv'd!——Where are the Rivers now

That water'd EUROPE? where the thouſand Streams,
The thouſand Fountains, and ten thouſand Rills,
Your Caverns nouriſh'd?——Rather might I aſk,
Where is the Ocean?——Where the mighty Deeps
That girt this pendent Globe?—Where the firm Earth,
Or changeful Moon?—For when your ſtrength ſhall fail,
Ye Hills coeval with the World, ſay what
Shall ſcape the gen'ral Doom?—Through all its works
The Univerſe itſelf ſhall feel, and ſigh
For Diſſolution. CHAOS then once more
Shall reign triumphant—grace your Fall—and round
Your noble Ruin pour ſubſtantial Night.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Dramatic Romance of CYMON.

Spoken by Mrs. Abington,

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1767.

Enter, peeping in at the Stage-door.

IS the Stage clear?—bleſs me!—I've ſuch a dread!
It ſeems enchanted ground where'er I tread!
(coming forward.)
What Noiſe was that?—Huſh!—'twas a falſe alarm;—
I'm ſure there's no one *here* will do me harm:
Amongſt you can't be found a ſingle Knight,
Who would not do an injur'd Damſel right.——

Well,——Heav'n be prais'd, I'm out of *Magic* reach,
And have once more *regain'd* the pow'r of Speech:
Aye, and I'll uſe it——for it muſt appear
That my poor Tongue is greatly in arrear.——
There's not a Female here but ſhar'd my woe,
Ty'd down to YES, or ſtill more hateful No.
No, is expreſſive,——but I muſt confeſs,
If rightly queſtion'd, I'd uſe only YES.——

In MERLIN's walk *this broken Wand* I found,
Which to *Two Words* my ſpeaking Organs bound,
Suppoſe upon the Town I try his ſpell,——
Ladies, don't ſtir!——you uſe your Tongues too well!
How tranquil ev'ry Place, when by my ſkill,
FOLLY is mute, and even SLANDER ſtill!
Old Goſſips ſpeechleſs—BLOODS would breed no Riot,
And all the Tongues at JONATHAN's lie quiet!
Each *grave Profeſſion* muſt new-buſh the wig,
Nothing to ſay, 'twere needful they look big!

The

The *Reverend* DOCTOR might the Change endure,
He would ſit ſtill, and have his *Sinecure!*
Nor could *Great Folks* much hardſhip undergo,
They *do their Bus'neſs* with an AYE, or NO!——
But come, I only jok'd——Diſmiſs your Fear;
Tho' I've the Pow'r, I will not uſe it here.
I'll only keep my Magic as a Guard,
To awe each Critic who attacks our Bard.
I ſee ſome Malcontents their fingers biting,
Snarling, "the Ancients never knew ſuch writing;—
"The Drama's loſt!——The Managers exhauſt us
"With *Op'ras*, *Monkies*, *Mab*, and *Dr. Fauſtus!*"——
Dread Sirs, a word,——the Public Taſte is fickle,
All palates in their turn we ſtrive to tickle;
Our Cat'rers *vary*, and you'll own at leaſt,
It is *Variety* that makes the Feaſt.
If this fair Circle ſmile, and *the Gods* thunder,
I with *this Wand* will keep the *Critics* under.

A

LITTLE ODE,

TO A

LITTLE MAID,

On her first going out after her Birth.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXVII.

LITTLE Zephyrs, Loves, and Graces,
Bid each chilling wind be laid,
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
See where comes my little Maid.

With your guardian-wings protect her,
Ev'ry motion hover o'er;
Through her little Path direct her,
She ne'er ventur'd out before.

Forth ſhe comes, a new-born Creature,
How her little blue Eyes range!
Wonder ſits on ev'ry Feature,
All around is gay and ſtrange.

Could'ſt thou, little Maid, but paint me
What thy little Fancy warms,
Or thy little Tongue acquaint me,
'Midſt this glitter, what moſt charms.

To a Stranger all's inviting,
All a morning Beauty wears;
Be the World, as now delighting,
Taſte its Joys, but not its Cares!

Over theſe I draw a Curtain,
Leave their ſad approach to Chance;
Not a Truth than this more certain,
"Bliſs is built on Ignorance."——

PITY, gentleſt Child of Heav'n,
Little Maid, will Thee attend;
INNOCENCE is alſo given
As thy Guardian, as thy Friend:

She ſhall wake thine heart to Pleaſures
Such as VIRTUE can diſcloſe;
Give Thee Love and Friendſhip's treaſures,
Strew thy Path with many a Roſe.

As in Years, in Wiſdom growing,
Never from her ſide depart;
Through thy future Life ſtill ſhowing
She had form'd thy youthful Heart.

Let the falſe World ne'er confound Thee,
From its Vices turn thine ear;
Shun the bad Examples round Thee,
Give them but a Sigh! — a Tear! —

Thus ſelf-guarded, thus defended,
Thy Experience ſhall confeſs,
Spite of what's by Fools pretended,
Virtue is true Happineſs!

Such a blameleſs Tract purſuing,
Thy perfection'd Senſe ſhall tell,
Oft this little Ode reviewing,
Little Maid, I wiſh'd Thee well.

TO

TO

A LADY,

With a preſent of a STILTON CHEESE.

WRITTEN FROM THE TEMPLE, M.DCC.LXVII.

THESE haſty lines, Madam, were firſt meant to greet you,

And then for a Favour will humbly intreat you,

Nay, hang all preamble —— I plainly will aſk it,

They're to beg you'll accept of the CHEESE in this baſket.

A CHEESE for a Lady 's an odd preſent truly!

And you'll think that we TEMPLARS have ne'er ſtudy'd duly

The *Caſes of Gallantry*, or never ſaw

What the ableſt of Judges have *laid down* as Law;

In

In CUPID's *Reports*, folio ſeventy-ſix,
Under Title PRESENTMENT this Doctrine they fix,
" If ſome token you'd offer the Fair, you ſhould ſeek,
" Or the Roſe, or the Lily, to rival her cheek,
" Or ſend her a Myrtle, or ſend her a Dove,
" As the emblem of Truth, or the image of Love."—
This may ſometimes be right,—but to further my ſuit
I've *a Caſe* on my Table that none can confute,
Brother BAYES has inform'd us, when PALLAS came down
To befriend the Uſurpers who ſtole BRENTFORD's Crown,
When to Grief and Deſpair they were ready to yield,
She produc'd them a CHEESE ſhe had brought in her ſhield *.——
'Tis ſo fully in point, that with this thought I'll cloſe,
" Sure that muſt be good which a Goddeſs beſtows."—

* See the Play of the REHEARSAL.

Nor

Nor be you offended ſhe ne'er ſent you one,
Conſider what for you already is done;
If when in her Dairy, her CHEESE ſhe forgot,
Enough of her Favours are thrown to your lot.
Whilſt you uſe them diſcreetly, you'll ne'er fail to pleaſe,
And I'll ſtill, as her proxy, tranſmit you the CHEESE.

TO

TO

ARDELIA,

On her producing ſome Eſſence of Roſes.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXVII.

WHILST you boaſt your Eſſence of Roſes,
By your Friends, tho' its Fragrance be taſted,
With its ſweets you enrapture their noſes,
Yet nought of its Subſtance is waſted.

It reſembles the poor Widow's Cruiſe,
Which the Prophet had fill'd with his Bleſſing,
Repleniſh'd, tho' always in uſe,
And ſtill the ſame Virtue poſſeſſing.

'Tis

'Tis thus with a well-tutor'd Mind,

Bright Thoughts and fine Senſe it diſcloſes;
Tho' pouring its Sweets on Mankind,
Undiminiſh'd remains as your Roſes.

Happy you! who this Myſtery knowing,
Have ſuch vary'd Talents to bleſs;
Can Pleaſure be ever beſtowing,
And giving, have nothing the leſs!

A

POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE CELEBRATED

MRS. CIBBER.

——*Sidereæ Raptus lugebat Alumnæ.*

CLAUD. de Rap. Prof. Lib. iii.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXVI.

THE CELEBRATED

WORKS

OF

CICERO.

A

POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

The CELEBRATED Mrs. CIBBER.

WHAT visionary Form on yonder Heaps
Of Earth, sits hov'ring o'er a new-made Grave,
In this dim Cloister painful Vigils keeps,
And wild with frantic Sorrow seems to rave?

The Sexton's Lamp still glimmers: On the ground
Each instrument of Sepulture is thrown,
And near her many a Bone lies scatter'd round,
The mingled Reliques of a Race unknown!

Long flows the Veil, whoſe Shade conceals her Face;
Now high as yon proud Roof her Groan aſcends;
Now burſting Tears her ſilent Sorrows grace,
Now low in Duſt the heart-ſtruck Mourner bends.

" Say, Grief's ſequeſter'd Victim, whence thy Woe?
" Why heaves thy Breaſt beneath this Load of Care?
" Why thus the haunts of cheerful Life forego?
" And in theſe lonely Manſions ſeek Deſpair?

" It is the Cauſe,——It is the Cauſe," ſhe cries,
" Will not this Scene the fatal Story tell?
" Learn from yon Train the Tale my voice denies,
" Or aſk the Summons of that pauſing Bell?

" It calls my CIBBER to her Houſe of Clay,
" Who now no more our Paſſions will engage;
" Rich in Theatric Glory, ſnatch'd away,
" The darling Daughter of the BRITISH Stage.

" She

" She comes, my JULIET comes—O cruel Force!—
" Torn from my Arms by Heav'n's relentleſs Doom.—
" Now chang'd indeed!——An undiſſembled Corſe!
" Too ſoon to fill an undiſſembled Tomb!"

I turn, —— My eye the length'ning Cloiſter roves,
Thick flaring Tapers pour upon my Sight;
With ſolemn Pace the black Proceſſion moves,
And wrapt in tenfold Darkneſs frowns the Night.

Sorrowing, I ſee the holy Rites begin;
Reſign'd, the ſad ſepulchral office hear:
A thouſand ſoft ideas ſtir within,
And aſk once more the tributary Tear.

But when (the ſable Robe of Death remov'd)
In Earth's cold Womb the ſad Remains were laid;
Let thoſe whoſe eyes have ſtream'd o'er all they lov'd,
Conceive the anguiſh of this nameleſs Maid!

Eager ſhe ſought to catch a parting Look,
Fix'd in expreſſive Silence o'er the Dead:
Then ſighing deep, the drear Abode forſook,
And thro' the monumental Region fled.

"Might I, thou gen'rous Friend, that Face behold!
"Can'ſt thou a Partner in thy Tears refuſe?
"Can'ſt thou—" but while her Robe I ſtrove to hold,
Her falling Veil diſclos'd THE TRAGIC MUSE.

"Divine MELPOMENE! art thou," I cry'd,
"From Fancy's Regions drawn, this Train to join?
"Tut'reſs of virtuous Grief, why ſeek to hide
"Sorrows, which claim Preeminence o'er mine?

"Yes," ſhe reply'd, "from happier Realms I came,
"To ſee my CIBBER laid in hallow'd Reſt;
"By her, to nobleſt Heights I rais'd my Fame,
"By her, enlarg'd my Empire in the Breaſt.

"My

" My Thoughts muſt ſtill the plaintive Theme purſue,
" Her fond Remembrance ever there remain;
" E'en now her wond'rous Pow'rs riſe freſh to View,
" And point Reflection's Dart with keener Pain!

" Clos'd are thoſe Eyes which knew each vary'd Art,
" And all my Meaning with ſuch Force inſpir'd;
" Call'd Tears of Pity from the melting Heart,
" Froze with wild Horror, or with Rapture fir'd!

" By Death's cold hand thoſe Features now are bound,
" That once could ev'ry change of Paſſion wear!
" Mute is that Voice, whoſe more than magic Sound
" Stole like ſoft Muſic on the raviſh'd ear!

" Thoſe Limbs are fix'd, in funeral weeds array'd,
" Which boaſted once each Elegance of Dreſs,
" And all thoſe captivating Charms diſplay'd,
" That grace the Sculptures of exulting GREECE!—

" What Suppliant now ſhall haughty PYRRHUS bend?
" What tender Wife of faithleſs JAFFIER melt?
" What Daughter Softneſs to CORDELIA lend?
" What Mother feel the Pangs that CONSTANCE felt?

" What falſe CALISTA ſhall bewail her Fate?
" What poor, deceiv'd MONIMIA now complain?

" Who, ISABELLA, can thy Woes relate?
" Or heat to giddy Whirls ALICIA's Brain?——

" O gentle CIBBER! long thy Loſs I'll mourn;
" And oft at night, by ſtrong Affection led,
" To this lone Place with grateful Tears return,
" And o'er thy Duſt ambroſial Odours ſhed!——

" Yet am I not of ev'ry Hope bereft;
" Nor ſtifled in the Tomb my Taper dies;
" Still to relume the Blaze a PRITCHARD's left,
" Whoſe Breath ſhall ſend it flaming to the Skies.

" From

" From Judgment's aid its value Genius reaps,
" Correct as Nature, hence her Scenes engage;
" Whether CRESPHONTES' humbled Queen she weeps,
" Or rolls the Thunders of a ZARA's Rage.

" But yet while fondly thus her Pow'rs I praise,
" In these she bids a happy Rival share;
" Too frequent from my Cypress Groves she strays,
" Nor scorns THALIA's humbler Wreaths to wear!—

" O may she long retain her wonted Fire!——
" Nor SHAKESPEAR GARRICK's Aid in vain implore!
" For ah!——When these content with Fame, retire,
" The TRAGIC MUSE, like CIBBER, is no more!"

THE

THE FAN.

TO ARDELIA.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXVIII.

GO, Trifler, and ſpeed to my Love,
Propitious, go practiſe thine Art;
Thou may'ſt haply an Advocate prove,
And tell how ſhe reigns in my Heart.

As thy Sticks the gay Colours they bear,
Unfold with the Touch of her Hands;
So my Breaſt, when I muſe on my Fair,
With each Wiſh of Affection expands.——

From her a new Grace ſhall be caught,

Go, ſeize it, and proſperous be;

But fan in return each kind Thought

That ARDELIA beſtows upon me.

A

FARE.

A FAREWEL EPILOGUE;

INTENDED FOR

Mrs. PRITCHARD

At her laſt Appearance on the Stage, after the Play of MACBETH, which ſhe had for her Benefit, the 25th of April 1768.*

AS Pilgrims parting for another Land
Turn back, and bleſs the hoſpitable Hand
That ſmooth'd th' uneven Way; like them I now
Turn, and to all my gen'rous Patrons bow.——

The

* The following Lines were written at the Requeſt of MRS. PRITCHARD; but MR. GARRICK having, unknown

to

The QUEEN *deceas'd*, my mimic Life is o'er,
In borrow'd Character I come no more,
The Scene at length is clos'd!——The Voice of Age
Warns me to quit the Tumult of the Stage;
This little Spot, where almoſt *Forty Years*
I have my Portion had of Plots, and Cares.——

What ſtrange Viciſſitudes I *here* have known!
Now high on Fortune's Wheel, now tumbled down;
Bound to my Tragi-comic ſtrange Vocation,
I've daily chang'd my Time of Life, and Station.——
One Night *a faſhionable Toaſt* I ſhine,
The next ſome *waiting Woman*'s Lot is mine;

to her, compoſed ſome on the ſame Occaſion, which he had offered to her before theſe were ſent her, the Author immediately withdrew them, that ſhe might be at perfect Liberty to receive this laſt Favor from her celebrated Cotemporary, whoſe very uncommon Theatric Powers had, as well as her own, for ſo many years reciprocally ſet off and embelliſhed each other's Talents.

Then

Then chang'd again, I riſe the *grave Coquet*,
And all the flippant *Abigail* forget;
Doom'd thro' each varying Character to paſs,
And for its *Likeneſs* dreſs at NATURE'S Glaſs.——
O'er almoſt ev'ry Kingdom *here* I've reign'd;
Here have to Rocks, and Priſon Walls complain'd.
When I recall (by adverſe Fortune croſt)
The Huſbands I have bury'd!——Children loſt!——
The vaſt Variety of Woes I've prov'd!
How oft been cheated,—flatter'd—ſlighted—lov'd!
Marry'd,—dethron'd—felt ev'ry kind of Death!—
I almoſt wonder I have ſtill my Breath;
Nay,—that I throve ſo well—and now ſtand here
To own your Bounty with a guſhing Tear.——

That guſhing Tear what I now feel muſt tell,
Severe the Taſk to bid you all farewel!——

Your

Your foſt'ring ſmiles firſt *warm'd* me to aſpire,
Worn in your ſervice, *grateful* I retire;
No longer this fair Circle ſhall I ſee!
The *Falling Curtain* ſeparates you and me!
Yet if with Juſtneſs I have play'd my Part,
If for the *Public* I have ſtrain'd my Art,
That *Public*'s CANDOUR nothing ſhall efface;
And may its PLAUDIT, my LAST EXIT grace! *

* MRS. PRITCHARD did not live above five Months after her Retirement——She had been thirty-eight years on the Stage. Her very extraordinary Powers, and her infinite Variety, gave her the juſteſt Claim to be remembred as one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Actreſſes that perhaps any Country ever produced; and her uncommon Talents for the Theatre, were not more the admiration of the Public, than the Amiableneſs of her private Life was that of her Acquaintance.

TO

TO THE

THAMES.

Written from the TEMPLE, to ARDELIA, in M.DCC.LXVIII.

GENTLE THAMES, whoſe Waters lave
Duly, theſe collegiate Walls,
Stop, an inſtant, ſtop thy Wave;
Tis a Lover's Voice that calls.

E'er that Time can meaſure o'er
One ſhort Hour, thy ſilver Stream
Shall ſalute the peaceful Shore,
Where reſides my Muſe's Theme.——

Gentle

Gentle River! well I know
What a Love thy Moon bears thee:
How thy Springs obedient flow,
Pouring Truth, and Harmony.

Such a mutual Paſſion reigns
In Ardelia's Breaſt and mine;
She's the Orb that ſwells my Veins,
To her Influence I reſign!——

Let thy undulating Tide
With the ſportive Sun-beam play:
Cloſe beneath her Window glide,
Bid thy Cygnets mark thy Way.

Should'ſt thou haply ſee my Fair,
Lure her to thy view awhile;
Tidings of my Welfare bear,
Waft a Sigh, and ſteal a Smile.——

Go,——and Plenty round thee pour,
I'll thy Courſe no longer ſtay:
Bleſſing many a diſtant Shore,
Beauteous River! haſte away.

THE

THE SWORD-KNOT:

TO

Mrs. WILBRAHAM BOOTLE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXVIII.

BE ever ſworn, my Sword, to Honour's Cauſe,
While round thy Hilt theſe golden Folds are ty'd,
Theſe Folds, the pleaſing Token of Applauſe,
That waking others Envy, wake my Pride.

For they were work'd by Hands that ſerve a Mind
Where lives each Grace that can embelliſh Life;
Where ev'ry Virtue may its Image find,
To form the Friend, the Parent, and the Wife!

Nor ſmall my Boaſt, that while the Fair-one wrought
With artful Elegance, this Knot I wear,
Her Goodneſs deign'd to waſte on me a Thought,
Deſtin'd for me her Toil, and deem'd me worth her
[Care.

THE POWER OF FANCY.

TO ARDELIA.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXVIII.

WHY neglected hangs thy Lyre,
To thy Call my Muſe attending?
Once more ſtrike the trembling Wire,
Gentle Maid, thy Graces lending.

See, where ECHO on the Plain
Waits to ſteal thy Notes of Pleaſure;
Strike, whilſt I ſuggeſt the Strain,
Charm the Ear with artful Meaſure.

Sing of FANCY, young and gay,

Sing her magic Operations;

Thoſe, by which ſhe bears ſuch ſway

O'er our Senſe, and o'er our Paſſions.

Paint her (for thou know'ſt her Pow'rs)

Friend to Man, the World endearing;

Solace of his drooping Hours,

All his vary'd Labours cheering!——

View'd with her each Object brightens

Wherefoe'er our Footſteps rove;

All Life's virtuous Deeds ſhe heightens,

Gilding Friendſhip, gilding Love.

Taller ſprings the Sky-topp'd Mountain,

More inviting waves the Wood,

Cooler flows the Silver Fountain,

Prouder ſwells the rapid Flood.

Thee,

Thee, my Love, ſhe oft retraces,
On my Heart long fix'd before;
Gives Thee daily ſome new Graces,
Rooting Paſſion more and more.

By her Spells my Mind ſurrounded,
Now ſhe takes me in her Train;
Led by Her I ſoar unbounded,
Over Nature's wide Domain!

She th' ideal Flight purſuing
Scenes of Times unborn diſcloſes;
Many a future Proſpect ſtrewing
With imaginary Roſes!——

Then at FANCY's radiant Shrine
Oft I'll bow, my Pray'r addreſſing;
Thou, ARDELIA, too wilt join,
Aſk, and ſhare with me her Bleſſing.

Thro' her Regions let us roam,
Down Illusion's Current gliding;
Seek a visionary Home,
Still in imag'd Joys confiding.

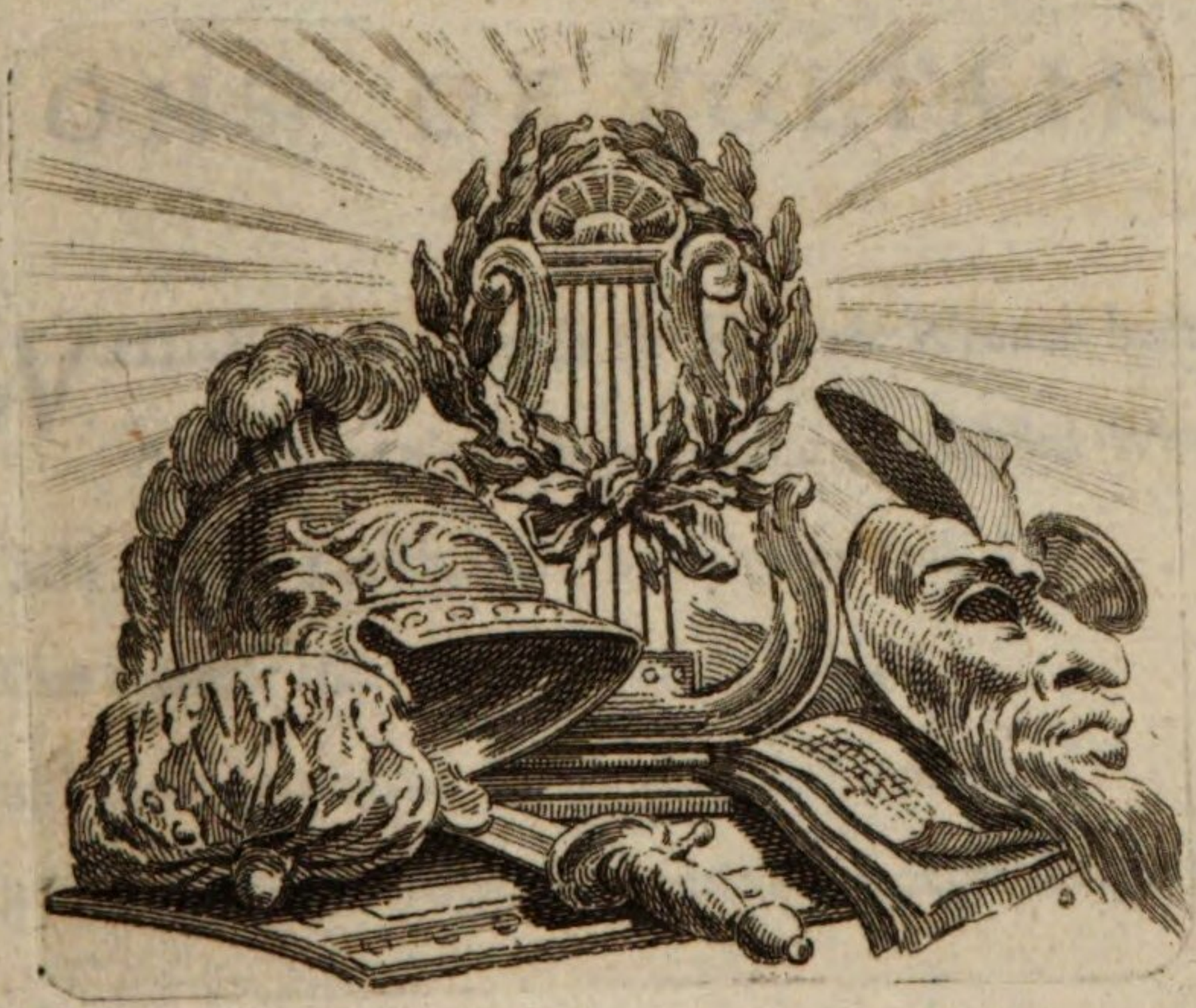
Life's reliev'd from half its Cares,
FANCY as our Guardian giv'n;
For within her Arms she bears
HOPE, the Darling Child of Heav'n.

FERNEY:

FERNEY:

AN EPISTLE TO

MONSR. DE VOLTAIRE.



FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXVIII.

FERNEY*:

AN EPISTLE TO

MONSR. DE VOLTAIRE.

WHILE manly Praiſe th' Hiſtoric Wreath beſtows,
And Beauty's Sorrows grace thy fabled Woes,
While ardent Youth, and well-inſtructed Age
Alike confeſs the Wonders of thy Page,
Shall theſe intruding Lines the Poet greet,
And pierce the Shades that guard his calm Retreat?

* FERNEY, a Chateau and Gardens, erected and laid out by Mr. DE VOLTAIRE, in the Neighbourhood of GENEVA, which commands the Variety of Proſpect mentioned in the beginning of this Poem.

That

That calm Retreat, his happier Taſte improv'd,
Thoſe ATTIC Bow'rs, by ev'ry Muſe belov'd;
Where native Roſes blooming GENIUS ſheds,
Where RURAL ELEGANCE a Carpet ſpreads,
Where ART, with ſweet SIMPLICITY combin'd,
Shines the fair Emblem of the Planter's mind?
While o'er the diſtant Scene ſtretch'd to the Skies
Earth's Giant Offspring to the Sight ariſe;
The tow'ring ALPS uprear their ſtately Mound,
And ſhapeleſs Piles th' extended Proſpect bound.

Here, join'd in NATURE's beauteous Landſcape, ſee
The endleſs Charms of wild Variety.
The Harveſts wave, the purple Vineyards glow,
Or trackleſs Mountains heave their load of Snow.
Their tops unſeen in thick'ning Air they ſhroud,
And mix their Fleeces with each paſſing Cloud.

Rocks

Rocks far remov'd, in ſavage Greatneſs riſe,
Like rough-hewn Columns, to ſupport the Skies;
Cool ſlope the Vales, wide ſpread the mantling Woods,
Bright ſhine the Streams that ſeek the diſtant Floods.
Here a ſmall Ocean's peaceful Waters ſleep *,
Their raving Torrents emulate the Deep †.
Unnumber'd Villas ſmile on ev'ry ſide,
The ſeats of Prudence, unimpair'd by Pride;
No Spot neglected, where the grateful Soil
Can pay with rich Increaſe the Peaſant's toil;
CONTENT and PEACE fix here their proſp'rous reign,
And ſilent LIBERTY defends the Plain.

Midſt Scenes like theſe, the Friend of human Kind
Can range the Vaſt of Science, unconfin'd;

* The Lake of GENEVA.

† The RHONE and the ARVE, which unite juſt below the Lake.

For

For distant Flights can wing th' excursive Soul,
Or glance with Light'ning's speed from Pole to Pole;
Whether thro' NATURE's devious Paths he strays,
Pursues the Planet's course, the Comet's blaze;
Or less advent'rous, quits th' Aërial height
To fix on mortal Woes a Mortal's sight;
Strip the bar'd Heart of each dark Veil it wears,
Expose its Hopes, its Conflicts, and its Cares;
By bold Examples fire the youthful blood,
Appal the wicked, or confirm the Good;
Submit each dang'rous Wish to Reason's Laws,
And arm our Passions in our Virtue's cause.——

While Views like these, VOLTAIRE, thy Bosom warm,
The Shades of Solitude have pow'r to charm.
From Courts withdrawn, where'er thy footsteps bend,
The Train thou lov'st, a faithful Train attend:

Swift at the beck'ning of thy magic Hand
They come, and FANCY leads th' ideal Band.
WIT's lighter Offspring ſeeks the ſunny Glade,
While SATIRE ſkulks behind th' obſcurer Shade;
Near him, his Siſter, COMIC MAID, is ſeen,
Who checks, with laughing Eyes, his rigid Mien;
Combin'd, o'er Worlds an Empire they maintain,
And ev'ry Vice and Folly wears their Chain.

Th' HEROIC MUSE majeſtic ſweeps along,
And thoughtful meditates her lofty Song;
Unroll'd ſhe bears on high FAME's bright Record,
And marks the Deeds of GALLIC HENRY's Sword *.

See too, VOLTAIRE, what Wonders meet thine Eyes,
Behold where Palaces, and Temples riſe,

* The HENRIADE.

Where

Where wak'd by Thee, by Thee conven'd to Fame,
The mighty Dead their ancient Semblance claim;
Where laurel'd Chiefs, where awful Sages move,
And tranſient Monarchs dignify the grove.

*Lo! there, that Bane of Freedom, Love, and Truth,
The dire Seraglio barr'd on ZARA's youth!
Too ſoon ſhall Fate a Brother loſt reſtore,
And claim the Parent who ſhall chide no more!——
Yet will not Chance at laſt her Hopes befriend?
And happier hours the Cloſe of Life attend?
For her the Moſque its thouſand Lamps diſplays,
For her the Crown prepares its regal blaze,
For her with Gems reſplendent, flames the Throne,
And crowding Millions wait for her alone——
They wait in vain!—no Queen ſhall greet their Eyes!
Beneath Suſpicion's frantic Steel ſhe dies,

* ZAYRE.

While pauſing o'er the Wound his Madneſs gave,
The gen'rous Prince rejoins her in the Grave.

* There good ALVAREZ Son by Death reprov'd,
Reſtores ALZIRA to her Firſt-Belov'd;
By one great Act redeems his Errors paſt,
And owns, his nobleſt Triumphs were his laſt.

† What proud Aſſembly throngs yon hallow'd Dome?
Why nods the ſculptur'd Roof? why ſhakes the Tomb?
What daring Form the bounds of Death has croſt?
What great Event demands that ſceptred Ghoſt?
It ſpeaks——oh! veil thy Terrors, awful Shade,
And join in long Repoſe the glorious Dead!
Obey'd already ſee thy dire Command!
Behold thy Son in ſpeechleſs Horror ſtand!

* ALZIRE. † SEMIRAMIS.

On that drear Vault his blasted sight he bends,
Whence pale in Death SEMIRAMIS ascends.——
Attend, ye pitying MAGI, hide the Scene,
Hide the last Conflicts of a murder'd Queen!
Oh, bid the guiltless Youth's Distraction cease,
And close his wretched Mother's eyes in Peace!

*Behold the North its barb'rous Legions pour,
FATE heads their March, and CHINA is no more.
What Passions ZAMTI's rev'rend Bosom shake,
Who combats NATURE while his Heart-strings break!
Tho' down his Cheek parental Sorrows roll,
CONFUCIUS' Morals fix his patriot Soul;
In vain his Wife, his lov'd IDAME, brings
A Claim that mocks the feebler Claim of Kings,
In Honor firm, he seeks his Country's Good,
And yields the Son's, to save the Prince's blood.

* L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE.

* Ill-fated HEROD! ſpar'd by haughty ROME
To meet thy ſum of Wretchedneſs at Home!
Happy! had CÆSAR's Arm withheld thy Right,
Or hurl'd thee headlong from Ambition's Height!
No more in Smiles thy faded Cheek is dreſt,
Deſpair, and jealous Rage uſurp thy Breaſt.
Go, Tyrant, ſeek thy martyr'd Queen in vain,
While Madneſs tells thee that ſhe lives again!
Still, ſtill thy Thoughts her injur'd Worth purſue,
Her matchleſs Beauty riſes ſtill to view;
Such Worth, ſuch Beauty, thou ſhalt long deplore,
For know, fond Prince, the Dead return no more!

† Hark! whence the Groans that pierce yon Cloiſter's Round!
Death, agonizing Death, is in the Sound!

* MARIAMNE.

† LE FANATISME, ou MAHOMET.

'Tis MECCA's Chief—I know the hoary Sage—
That faithful Barrier 'gainſt MOHAMMED's rage,
Who long Religion's, Virtue's Champion ſtood,
Now falt'ring marks each painful Step with blood.—
Too ſtrong the fleeting Soul's convulſive Strife!
Too ſwift the Streams that drain the Fount of Life!
He ſinks—and, harder Fate!—ſurvives to know
His own miſguided Offspring dealt the Blow.

* Lo! where MESSENE's captive Queen appears
Serene in Grief, magnificent in Tears!
Haſte, POLIPHONTES! haſte, the Shrine's prepar'd,
Go, meet the fatal, but the juſt Reward
Thy ripen'd Crimes demand!—Not HYMEN now
But DEATH intwines the Chaplet for thy Brow!
Thy Prince has burſt his Priſon's dark abodes,
He ſhines confeſt the Son of GRECIAN Gods:

* MEROPE.

To peaceful Rites the ſhouts of War ſucceed,
EGYSTHUS conquers, and the Guilty bleed:
Foremoſt th' Oppreſſor meets th' avenging Blow,
And Furies howl his nuptial Song below!

† But ſoft awhile —— The tranquil Scene diſowns
The Pride of Empire now, the Pomp of Thrones;
Behold uprear'd before yon ruſtic Bow'rs
A ſhrine of Moſs, with intermingled Flow'rs,
And thither led to ſeal their plighted Truth,
An exil'd Virgin and a SCYTHIAN Youth!
Yet ere the Bride concludes th' ill-omen'd Rite
Her once-lov'd PERSIAN flaſhes on her ſight.——
Return, unconſcious Prince! where Glory calls,
Go ſeek ECBATANA's deſerted Walls!
To Courts where Pleaſures lead their Train, return,
Ere SCYTHIA's Echoes learn from thee to mourn!

† LES SCYTHES.

Paſs one ſhort Hour—the cruel taſk is thine
To part thoſe Hands which willing Parents join!
To fix a blameleſs Pair's eternal Doom,
And change their feſtive Altar to their Tomb!

Tho' Forms like theſe, VOLTAIRE, around thee rove,
And haunt the Limits of thy magic Grove,
Such Sights alone poetic Eyes can ſhare;
Viewleſs, they mock the vulgar Gaze with air!—
With careleſs thoughts let others range the Glade,
Aſcend the Slope, or pierce the verdant Shade,
Thro' parted Woods the wand'ring Streams purſue,
And Mountains fading to aërial Blue;
To charm their Senſe let Scenes like theſe combine;
To wake the Dead, and talk with Kings, is Thine.

Some fav'ring Planet grac'd his natal Morn,
Whoſe Mind the Muſes with each Grace adorn!

In all his Paths they ſtrew freſh op'ning Flowers,
Freſh bloom for him Imagination's Bow'rs:
To Pleaſures there, from anxious Life he runs,
Forgets its Sorrows, and its Tumult ſhuns.
By ſome lov'd Object while his Soul is caught,
Indulging all the Luxury of Thought,
He peoples Deſerts, ranges Worlds unknown,
And bids ariſe Creations of his own;
Enamour'd ſtill of NATURE's glowing Theme,
Entranc'd by Fancy's ever flatt'ring Dream,
Thro' all her viſionary Realms he flies,
And wakes to meet—Life's dull Realities.

Yet why to Learning's Walks thy Steps confine?
The Paths of ſocial Gaiety are thine;
Thine ſprightly Wit, thine Elegance and Eaſe,
With ev'ry Art, with ev'ry Wiſh to pleaſe.—
But plac'd by Fate on BRITAIN's diſtant Shore
I talk of Pleaſures I can ſhare no more!

Yet ſhall their fond Impreſſion ne'er depart;
Their fix'd Record within a grateful Heart
In Mem'ry's Characters ſhall ſtand confeſt,
Which Time retracing deepens in my Breaſt.

Say why, reproachful to a poliſh'd Age,
Ungen'rous Conteſts ſhould the Learn'd engage?
The Bards of ancient days bade Diſcord ceaſe,
The MUSE's Sons were ſtill the Sons of Peace;
With Olive crown'd, to Virtue's cauſe confin'd,
In ſocial Bands the blameleſs Minſtrels join'd. ——
Now, chang'd the Scene——With Poets, Poets jar,
And waſte PARNASSUS is the Field of War.

Yes! jealous Wits may ſtill for Empire ſtrive,
Still keep the Flames of critic Rage alive:
Our SHAKESPEARE yet ſhall all his Rights maintain,
And crown the Triumphs of ELIZA's Reign.

Above Controul, above each claſſic Rule,
His Tutreſs Nature, and the World his School.
On daring Pinions borne, to him was giv'n
Th' aerial Range of FANCY's brighteſt Heav'n,
To bid rapt Thought o'er nobleſt Heights aſpire,
And wake each Paſſion with a MUSE OF FIRE.——
Revere his Genius——To the Dead be juſt,
And ſpare the Laurels that o'erſhade the Duſt.——
Low ſleeps the Bard, *in cold Obſtruction laid,*
Nor aſks the Chaplet from a Rival's Head.
O'er the drear Vault, Ambition's utmoſt Bound,
Unheard ſhall Fame her airy Trumpet ſound!
Unheard alike, nor Grief, nor Tranſport raiſe,
Thy Blaſt of Cenſure, or thy Note of Praiſe!
As RAPHAEL's own Creation grac'd his Hearſe,*
And ſham'd the Pomp of oſtentatious Verſe,
Shall

* The TRANSFIGURATION, that well-known Picture of RAPHAEL, was carried before his Body to the Grave; doing

Shall SHAKESPEARE's Honours by himſelf be paid,
And Nature periſh ere his Pictures fade. ——

Thou too, ſweet FERNEY, ſhall preſerve a Name,
And boaſt like TEMPE's Vale eternal Fame:
In Ages hence thy Groves will ſtill be known,
The NINE have bleſt, and mark'd them for their own,
At their intreaty, TIME (whoſe vengeful Hand
No frail Memorials rais'd by Men withſtand,
Whoſe ruthleſs Eye beholds with like Diſdain
The low-brow'd Cottage, and the tow'ring Fane)
His friendly Wings around theſe Bow'rs ſhall caſt,
Protect their Shades, and bid their Beauties laſt.
To theſe its Praiſe EGERIA's Grot ſhall yield,
ALCINOUS' Gardens, and th' ENNÆAN Field,

doing more real Honour to his Memory, than either his Epitaph in the PANTHEON, the famous Diſtich of CARDINAL BEMBO, or all the other adulatory Verſes written on the ſame occaſion.

No

No more ADONIS' fabled Rites be paid,
But Poets pafs the quite forgotten Shade.

As he, whofe fteps to thofe fair Climes are led,
Where fmiling NAPLES rears her ftately Head,
Afcends the Cliff where Nature's grateful Hands
Have plac'd the Laurel VIRGIL's Fame demands;
Eager to view the mould'ring Walls that guard
The facred Aſhes of th' immortal Bard:
In Years remote, thus wand'ring from his Home
To feek thee, FERNEY, fhall the Stranger come!
But while thy Scenes his roving Eyes employ
Sad Thoughts fhall rife, and cloud his dawning Joy;
Sighing, perhaps, he'll fay — " The great VOLTAIRE
" Once plann'd thefe Walks, and made their Shades his Care! —
" Yet, far fublimer Tafks his Genius knew!
" 'Twas His to grace the Cheek with Pity's Dew!

" To ſlumb'ring Conſcience ſound the dread Alarm!

" Or pour in Virtue's Praiſe th' harmonious Charm!—

" 'Twas thus his ripen'd Taſte,—his feeling Heart,

" EMBELLISH'D NATURE,—AND ENNOBLED ART!"

A

TO

TO

ARDELIA.

WRITTEN AT MARGATE IN

M.DCC.LXVIII.

AS I penſively walk'd o'er the Steep
At whoſe Foot the broad Wave daſhes hoarſe,
And beheld the white Sails of the Deep
'Midſt the Billows purſuing their Courſe;

Ah! Wand'rers, I ſaid with a ſigh,
Far happier's the Veſſel in Port,
Which dreads not like you the dark Sky,
Nor lives of each Tempeſt the Sport!

To new Worlds, and new Climates go ſteer,
Still rove like the Heart unconfin'd;
You have Rocks, and have Quickſands to fear,
And your Hopes are all built on the Wind!—

By my Stars at laſt guided to Peace,
I truſt to the Ocean no more;
'Tis Time that Life's Tumult ſhould ceaſe:
My Bark is moor'd cloſe to the Shore.

With thy Sunſhine, ARDELIA, while bleſt
No Storms can my Steadineſs move;
Your Boſom's my Harbour of Reſt,
And the Anchor that holds me, your Love.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Play of KING JOHN,

Acted at Mr. NEWCOMB's at HACKNEY, 1769.

THE Bard whoſe Scenes this Night your Thoughts engage,
Has ſomewhere told us, *All the World's a Stage*,
Where all in one great Farce their Talents try,
Are born,—love,—wed,—grow covetous—and die.
From hence I think we fairly may infer
That NATURE is, or ſhould be, *Manager*;
And yet, in NATURE's ſpite we ev'ry Day
Caſt our own Parts ourſelves, and ſpoil her *Play*;

Some

Some vain Conceit disturbs her steady Plan,
And Art debauches that strange Creature Man:
Hence, e'er Life's *Curtain drops*, this Truth is plain,
That few the Characters they take,——sustain.

See, CATO-like, in Freedom's boasted Cause,
The mad'ning PATRIOT raves of dying Laws,
With ready Lash pursues the venal Tribe;——
But what's the Sequel?——*Exit*——with a Bribe.

Not less a Play'r the METHODIST appears,
In some hir'd Barn his *casual Stage* he rears;
Prophane, loquacious, insolent, and loud,
The grave *Jack-pudding* of a sniv'ling Crowd;
Them of their Sins and Dangers he acquaints:
Pockets their Cash—then leaves them to the *Saints*.—

The PRUDE austere, who shuns each forward Spark,
Meets less reserv'd, her *Footman* in the Dark;

MISERS would lib'ral ſeem, COQUETS ſincere,
FALSE WITS ſententious, HYPOCRITES ſevere.
What on Life's Stage can Parts like theſe command?—
The Mark of Scorn let *Affectation* ſtand!

If then the *finiſh'd* Man can ſometimes err,
And make Miſtakes on the World's Theatre,
Deſert himſelf as various Paſſions call,
And prove at laſt no Character at all,
We aſk your Candour if in us appears
Th' *imperfect Growth* of unexperienc'd years;
Tho' Buds, yet Learning like the Sun, has Pow'r
To rear the Stem, and paint the future Flow'r!—
If JOHN ſhould not each Stroke of Guilt impart,
Nor CONSTANCE triumph o'er the feeling Heart,
Think in Life's happy Morn we cannot know
The ſad Extent of Baſeneſs, or of Woe!

Boys as we are, to us each Scene is new,
Tho' ſometimes wrong, e'en there we copy *you*:
To bold Attempts be then indulgence ſhewn,
And learn to pity Faults ſo like *your own*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Play of KING JOHN,

Acted at Mr. NEWCOMB's at HACKNEY, 1769.

Spoken by Lady CONSTANCE.

SPITE of Court Tricks, of Sorrows, Madneſs, Pain,
I've bruſh'd thro' all, and am myſelf again.——
O Ladies! what can not our Sex perform?——
A buſtling Woman lives thro' ev'ry Storm.
Have I not daſh'd my Character with Spirit?
To bully *two ſuch Kings* was no ſmall Merit.
Around the World to find the Wretch I'd ſearch,
Who dares to leave a Woman *in the Lurch*.——

My Son the Dupe of regal Baſeneſs made,
Myſelf amus'd by Hopes, cajoll'd, betray'd,
My Jointure loſt——a Widow——and not young!
I had no Weapon left me but my Tongue.——

Should any Fair be here whoſe Nerves are weak,
Who, when Man bluſters, is afraid to ſpeak,
Whoſe gentle Boſom no Reſentment fires,
But with her *Eau de Luce* in Hand expires;
She'll think, no doubt, my Voice too loudly thunders;
Truſt me, this female Inſtrument does Wonders.
Thoſe who turn o'er the page of ancient Story,
Muſt own the Tongue was ever Woman's glory.——
Who has not heard of fam'd XANTIPPE's Lute,
That play'd her philoſophic Huſband mute?
Or her's whoſe artful Notes ſo well could ſlander
Her Rival, and ſubdue great ALEXANDER?——

What

What gifts of Speech had EGYPT's QUEEN to boaſt?
Who talk'd — till ANTONY *the World well loſt!* —
Think of the Maid of ORLEANS, JOAN OF ARC,
There was an enterprizing, female Spark!
Whole Armies ſhe harangu'd, whole Hoſts withſtood:
Her Tongue was ſurely more than Fleſh and Blood! —
Tho' laſt, not leaſt, ſhall BESS OF ENGLAND ſtand,
Who box'd her Courtiers with her own fair Hand,
To female Rules profeſs'd a brave diſlike,
Her Majeſty could ſwear, as well as ſtrike.

Ladies, might I adviſe, let's urge our Pow'r,
Dethrone uſurping Man, or take him low'r.
He'd only have us learn the gentler Arts
Of ſtudying Graces, and ſubduing Hearts;
Theſe are but Schemes to trifle Life away,
Our nobler Aim is — UNIVERSAL SWAY.

TO

ARDELIA.

New Year's Day, 1770.

WELCOME to the new-born Year,
Lo! it comes by Hope attended;
Future Seaſons too appear,
All with future Pleaſures blended.

Mark, ARDELIA, mark their Brow,
With how ſweet a Smile they greet us!——
O may ever Time as now,
With ſo kind an Aſpect meet us!

Doom'd with Thee my Courſe to bend
Ev'ry Path of Life's inviting;
Thou, my Wife, Companion, Friend,
All is Sunſhine, all delighting.

Unregarded Seaſons roll'd,
E'er my Choice had Thee ſelected;
Now they Happineſs unfold,
Not a moment flies neglected.

'Tis not Fortune, 'tis not State,
'Tis not what the World ſo prizes;
In the Mind can Bliſs create;——
Far above ſuch Toys it riſes!

'Tis the Joy exalted Hearts
Feel, while each to each a Bleſſing;
And by all endearing Arts,
Ever ſtill their Love expreſſing.

Such the Pleaſures we partake;
And if lengthen'd Years be giv'n,
VIRTUE join'd with PEACE, ſhall make
HOME *a temporary Heav'n!*

AS I was riſing from the Arms of Death
Before my Epilogue, for dying Breath,
I could not but reflect, what Hour, what Moſe
And though the World, like Pharaoh, in the
A Picture of its own (as yet in Egypt) lies,
We beg (except the prudent Company)
You

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Play of MACBETH.

Acted at Mr. NEWCOMB's at HACKNEY, 1770.

Spoken by Lady MACBETH.

AS I was riſing from the Arms of Death
Before my Epilogüe to get ſome Breath,
I could not but reflect, what Shame, what Woe
Ambition's Votaries are doom'd to know!
And thought the World, that is, *the Town*, in me
A Picture of its own ſweet ſelf might ſee;
We beg t' except the preſent Company.

You

You all have heard my poor dead Husband say
The *Weird Sisters marshall'd him his Way*;
And that he follow'd them he sore repented;
Men are *bewitch'd* who will not be contented!
Yet by the *Sorceries* of FAME,—POW'R,—RICHES,
We are all *Hag-rid*—They are to us THE WITCHES.
Our Brain's the *Cauldron*, where they pour in Notions
That make us quite *boil over* with Commotions.
Now Titles, Jewels in the CHARM they dab,
And a rich NABOB *makes it thick and slab*:
Next, Jointures, Pin-money, and Rule delight us,
And nothing that's of *Woman born* can fright us;
We mount their *Broom-sticks*, post o'er Sea and Land,
Foul must be fair——the World at our Command;
Nay, what's impossible we would attain,
And BIRNAM *Wood* must come to DUNSINANE.——

But

But ſhould theſe WITCHES who my Spouſe miſled
Deceive us too, and knock our Hopes on the Head,
'Tis diſmal Work!—Of Phantoms we're made Fools,
Ghoſts ſpoil our Meals, and *puſh us from our Stools*;
At ev'ry *knocking* we affrighted ſtare,
And our dup'd Senſe ſees *Daggers in the Air*;
To wound us more, Reflection only tells
We've fallen Victims to *our own* poor Spells!——

What think you, Ladies?—Is the Picture ſtriking?
Say, have I pencil'd it to all your Liking?
No Anſwer!——Then I muſt conclude 'twill do;
It ſuits our Sex, tho', Ladies, none of you.
May you whom no ſuch dangerous Phrenzy fires,
Keep within lawful Bounds all vain Deſires.
'Tis in the *Calm* of Life true Joys abound;
There Truth, there heart-felt Peace, there Virtue's found!——

Truſt not the *Tempeſt*, it may fatal prove,
And root up Conſcience, Happineſs, and Love!——
Be ſure reſiſt when wild *Ambition* twitches,
And warn'd by *my* Example, dread—THE WITCHES.

AN

ADDRESS

FROM THE

THAMES.

Preſented to MESSRS. ADAM,

On the Day when they firſt came to their new Houſe in the ADELPHI, 1771.

'TWAS as THE BROTHERS at *that Pile* arriv'd
Where ancient Elegance and Taſte reviv'd,
Midſt the broad Tide beneath that circling flows,
Stretch'd on a ſedgy Couch, OLD THAMES aroſe;
'Round him his Swans their ſnowy Plumage rear'd,
A golden Trident at his Side appear'd;

Upon

Upon his Moſs-grown Urn his Arm was ſpread,
And drooping Oziers crown'd his hoary Head——
Wide o'er AUGUSTA's Tow'rs his Eyes he threw;
His Time-worn Features brighten'd at the View.
'Twas then TH' ADELPHI caught his raviſh'd Sight,
He gaz'd——he ſmil'd —— Still fixing with Delight
Thrice he the BROTHERS hail'd, and thus began,
While down his Beard the trickling Water ran.

" You whom ARTS and GENIUS crown,
" Welcome, welcome to your own;
" You, who out of Ruin raiſe
" All the Taſte of ancient Days!
" From my oozy Bed I came
" To be Witneſs of your Fame!
" Rude, but grateful is my Strain,
" Men like you adorn my Reign.
" Long and happy here reſide
" Great Supporters of my Pride.

" Time

" Time has been when o'er my Strand
" Proudeſt Nobles of the Land
" Dwellings rais'd with Coſt profuſe,
" Not for ELEGANCE, but USE;
" Cumbrous Loads that mov'd my Rage!
" Labours of a darken'd Age!——
" You, their partial Plan refine,
" ELEGANCE and USE combine.——
" Happy on my Banks reſide
" Great Supporters of my Pride.

" Jealous, have I heard too long
" TIBER flow in ev'ry Song,
" ARNO's Torrent, BRENTA's Stream
" Live each laviſh Muſe's Theme:
" They ſhall triumph now no more,
" Equal Glories grace *my* Shore.

" Rear'd

" Rear'd by you, ſhall many a Pile
" O'er my Silver Waters ſmile ;
" Happy on my Banks reſide
" Great Supporters of my Pride.

" As in Homage, ev'ry Morn
" I'll your NOBLE WORK adorn,
" On my chryſtal Boſom ſhow
" Hills that nod, and Skies that glow ;
" Pouring forth at each Return
" *Health*, and *Plenty* from my Urn.——
" Long and happy here reſide
" Great Supporters of my Pride !
" You whom ARTS and GENIUS crown,
" Once more, welcome to your own."

He ceas'd, yet turn'd to take a parting Look,
Then with an out-ſtretch'd Hand his Trident took,

And

And wav'd it round; —— Obedient to his Will
His Swans drew close, the ambient Tide lay still;
And whilst aloft th' attentive BROTHERS stood,
Down sunk the ancient MONARCH of the *Flood*.

THE CONTENTED MAID.

A SONG.

I.

LET me live remov'd from Noiſe,
Remov'd from Scenes of Pride and Strife,
And only taſte thoſe tranquil Joys
Which Heav'n beſtows on rural Life!
INNOCENCE ſhall guide my Youth,
Whilſt Nature's Paths I ſtill purſue,
Each Step I take be mark'd with Truth,
And VIRTUE ever be my View.——

II.

Adieu, ye Gay, adieu, ye Great,
I ſee you all without a Sigh;
Contented with my happier Fate
In Silence let me live and die!
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the GRACES to my Cell,
For all the GRACES love to be
Where INNOCENCE and VIRTUE dwell.

TO

ARDELIA,

On her Recovery from a long Illneſs.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXI.

'TIS not Illuſion!—The dread Storm ſubſides!—
The cheering Sunbeam darts athwart the Gloom;
Returning Hope each imag'd Woe derides,
And pointing forward marks a happier Doom!

'Tis not Illuſion!——From the Tempeſt ſpar'd,
Reſtor'd ARDELIA riſes to my Sight;
My Breaſt to throb with Suff'rings long prepar'd,
Once more feels Peace, nor throbs but with Delight.

It was not thus, when late in DEVON's Vales
I view'd rich Nature with neglectful Eye;
Damp'd with a gushing Tear the Summer Gales,
And burthen'd ev'ry Echo with a Sigh!

O! Mem'ry turn not back!—The Terror's past;—
'Twas the hard Struggle of deep-lab'ring Care;
'Twas Death's dark Shade o'er Life's gay prospect cast,
'Twas Horror, almost bordering on Despair!——

Could it be less?——When all I held most dear,
She, whose sweet Converse bless'd each social Hour,
Shook by Disease, alarm'd my ev'ry Fear,
Drooping untimely, like a blighted Flow'r!

Yet look not back!—— See thy ARDELIA now
In her own pleasing Form once more appears;
Distress no longer sits upon her Brow,
But Health's enliv'ning Grace each Feature wears.

O welcome! thou dear Guardian of my Peace,
Thou beſt of Women, and thou ſteadieſt Friend!
Smile thou but happy, ev'ry Care ſhall ceaſe,
For Joy and Comfort on thy Smiles attend.

Th' eternal Spring which TEMPE boaſts ſo much,
Nor all the Pleaſures of the PAPHIAN Grove,
Can the charm'd Soul ſo exquiſitely touch
As the ſweet Senſe of Love requiting Love!

And yet what Anguiſh oft ſuch Love awakes?
How like *the Compaſs* is the Heart that's true!
Mine with each Motion, as *the Needle*, ſhakes,
But ever faithful, trembling turns to YOU.

Still ſhine its *Polar Star*, ſtill live its Guide;
Thy Influence gives it Virtue, gives it Fame:
By Choice, by Sentiment, by Heaven ally'd,
Our Courſe, our Fortunes, and our Views the ſame!

That

That Pow'r Divine which trac'd the Lot of each
Shall ſtill, Ardelia, ſtill protect our Days;
Its Mercies ſhewn to Thee will ever teach
Unbounded Truſt, inſpire unbounded Praiſe.

Let us the Storms of Life with Firmneſs bear,
For Storms will riſe, and Man was born to feel;
Fix'd be each Hope on His parental Care,
Who never wounds but with Deſign to heal.

TO

Mrs. BLAKE,*

With a Pair of Hand-Screens.

THESE Hand-Screens, Dear Couſin, I ſend, and deſire
They may hang by your Chair, and inſure you from Fire,
They will ſhield you from Flames that might otherwiſe hurt,
And drive back each Spark that's too forward and pert:

* The Eldeſt of Six Siſters living together in Great Ruſſell-Street, well known, and univerſally eſteemed, for that Family Affection and general Benevolence, by which their Lives have been governed and characterized.

Moſt attentively zealous in all you command,

They'll your Wiſhes obey, if you move but your Hand.——

I have giv'n them in Charge, that they ſtill perſevere
To guard thoſe good Features I ſo much revere,
Where Beauty once reign'd, and ſtrong character'd tells
The ſtill fairer Mind that behind them ſtill dwells;

Where the Look of Good Senſe, and the Smile of Content

Mark the Triumph of Life that in Virtue is ſpent!—
And what Triumph is yours!—who round you behold
Five Sisters, whoſe Value no Muſe can unfold!
Who bound by thoſe Wreaths which Affection hath wove,
All their Days and their Years ſpend in Friendſhip and Love,——

'Tis a Picture ſo charming, ſo ſweet to the Sight,
That the oftner I ſee it, it gives freſh Delight;

Its

Its Lines are ſo juſt, and its Colours ſo true,

It was painted by VIRTUE one ſees at firſt View;

'Tis a Hand I moſt rev'rence——So, let us agree

That my Screens ne'er ſhall cover this PICTURE from
[me.

CUPID's

CUPID's REMONSTRANCE,

AN

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at Drury-Lane Theatre, 1772,

By Miſs HOPKINS, in the Character of CUPID.

MY Arrows *blunted*, and *unſtrung* my Bow,
What can poor CUPID do? or whither go?——
So mighty once, where'er I aim'd my Dart
It *pierc'd* the Boſom, and *inflam'd* the Heart;
But Times are chang'd!—— Now, all's ſo *hard* within,
My utmoſt Efforts cannot *raze the Skin*.——

Good

Good Folks, behold my *Rival* *——These Indentures

Now ſettle,——ſign,——and ſeal all Love Adventures.

By Paſſion quite unmov'd, your *modern* Lover
Wraps his Affections in this *Sheep-ſkin Cover*;
Int'reſt, not *Choice* decides, Wedlock is bought,
As for the Party, 'tis not worth a Thought:
Girls argue thus, "If I diſlike my Man,
"*A Sep'rate Maintenance* ſhall be my Plan;
"Or ſhould *Another* charm, I'm free to chooſe,
"For DOCTORS COMMONS will undo the Nooſe.—"
Hearts *now* are ty'd with Knots that *ſlip* with Eaſe,
To *ſlacken*, or *diſjoin* whene'er they pleaſe:
Hence new *Subſcription Balls*, hence new *Pantheons*
Strip new DIANAS, and make new ACTEONS;
Hence Bills are daily read in both the HOUSES,
To ſep'rate *faithleſs* Wives, from *faithleſs* Spouſes;

* Pulling out a Marriage Settlement.

Nay, my old Gall'ry Friends untye their Fetters,
And croſs the Breed, to *imitate* their Betters.

Thus turn'd adrift, deſerted and forlorn,
The *few* who dare protect me, meet with Scorn;
Nay more——to prove this Town not made for me,
They have *Black-ball'd* me at the COTERIE.——
My Pow'r *extinct*, think you I'll e'er endure
To live among you on a *Sinecure?*
Not I in faith;——I'll hence to Juſtice BRASS,
And to my PAPHIAN *Pariſh*,—— beg a *Paſs*.

A

BURLESQUE ODE,

On the Author's clearing a new Houſe of Workmen.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXII.

MIDST the fair Range of Buildings which new-
rear'd,
The BLOOMSBURY, and ST. GILES *Gang* divide,
A Crew of Workmen who no Mortal fear'd,
Sat idling by th' unfiniſh'd Chimney's ſide.
A duſky Smoak the ſmould'ring Shavings pour,
Bruis'd empty *Porter-Pots* beſtrew the Floor,
And while their Tools lie uſeleſs on the Ground,
In wonted Chorus thus the Song goes round.

" Let Confuſion mark our Toil,
What we cannot *mend* we'll *ſpoil*;
Let our *worthy Maſters* gain,
Do,—— and then *undo*, again.
Fling about the Iron Crow,
Give this finiſh'd Part a Blow,
Glue a little, ſaw a bit,
Plane this Pannel, t'other *ſplit*,
Making, marring is *our Duty*,
Ne'er for LINE or PLUMMET care,
Damn the COMPASS, damn the SQUARE,
Crooked is the *Line of Beauty*."

A pickled Dog then roſe, and told
What Houſe beſt *Purl*, and *Spirits* ſold,
Of many an Alehouſe-gambol play'd,
Of Matches fought, and Wagers laid,

Nay

Nay, more, and which worſt is,
How oft he ſcap'd Juſtice,
How he'd blaſt a Man's eyes with a jirk,
How down two Pair of Stairs,
He once kick'd *Two Surveyors*,
Who dar'd to examine his Work.
How he damn'd SIR JOHN FIELDING, and
[gave him the Lie,
How for WILKES he got drunk
Till his Caſh was all ſunk,
And went to *Gaol* for —— LIBERTY.

Each roar'd Applauſe, and all the Caitiff Throng,
Renewing firſt their *Quids*, renew'd their Song.

" Let Confuſion mark our Toil,
What we cannot *mend* we'll *ſpoil*;

Let

Let our *worthy Maſters* gain,
Do,——and then, *undo* again.
Fling about the iron Crow,
Give this finiſh'd Part a Blow;
Glue a little, ſaw a bit,
Plane this Pannel, t'other *ſplit*,
Making, marring is *our Duty*;
Ne'er for LINE, or PLUMMET care,
Damn the COMPASS, damn the SQUARE;
Crooked is the *Line of Beauty*."

What Toils await the trifling Race of Man!
Who multiply their Cares the moſt they can;
Still ſighing after ſomething more,
They want a SHELF, they want a DOOR,

Heav'ns! what a Fuſs about it!

'Tis done —— In Joiners who'd confide?

The SHELF's awry, the DOOR's too wide;

They'd better been without it!——

While unheeded fly the Moments,

Giv'n to Pleaſure, loſt in Prate,

Others feel them linger tedious,

Weigh'd with Anguiſh, black with Fate.

My giddy Pen forgot to ſay,

It chanc'd 'twas *Execution Day*,

The *hanging hour* was paſt;

A half-ſcar'd MASON ruſhing in,

Exclaim'd, "To idle thus is ſin,

I ſaw him breathe his laſt.——

Poor JACK upon the three-leg'd Tree!

A *Pretty Carpenter* was He!

Good

Good lack!——

Poor JACK!——

Gone in a Crack!——

There's more of Us will follow Thee.——

Tho' 'tis my Belief

That the Dog was a Thief

And both given to drinking and raking,

Yet he knew well his *Trade*,

All *Advantages* made,

But miſtook for Houſe *building*, Houſe *breaking*:

Fix'd Terror glar'd in ev'ry Workman's Face,

Each knowing JACK's was nearly his *own Caſe*,

All roſe, and ſearch'd their Tools in ſullen Mood,

While the grim MASON thus his Tale purſu'd:

" Thro' ST. GILES moving flowly
(All the gaping Crowd intent)
JACK with Looks that pictur'd Sorrow,
Suck'd an Orange as he went.
High, and low,
Above, below,
From Garret Tops
Down to the Shops
'Twas all one ſtaring Face to view the mournful Show,

Ye *Chips* of the *Block*
What had been your Shock
Had you ſeen when to TYBURN he came?
How he chang'd Colour often
As he look'd at his *Coffin*,
And his *Coat* that reproach'd him with Shame,
For his *Coat*, and his *Coffin* were both *ready made*,
Being *ſtolen*, or *borrow'd* in JACK's *way of Trade*.

As

As he ſtood in the Cart
It quite pierc'd my Heart
To ſee him ſo tremble and ſnivel;
Soon the Slip-Knot was ty'd,
So he pray'd, ſang, and cry'd;
And I hope he's not gone to the Devil."—

As when a MACARONI of high note
Trips thro' the Streets in *a ſhort-ſkirted Coat*,
With Self-applauſe humming an *Op'ra Air*,
If chance ſome Chimney-Sweeper unaware
Should turn ſhort on him, and his DOLLSHIP bruſh,
Or ſome rude Porter's Load his NOSEGAY cruſh,
Ah what can hide, what heal the Shame!
His COAT, his NOSEGAY gave him Fame!
No more his Looks their wonted Eaſe confeſs,
But on his alter'd Brow is pictur'd pale Diſtreſs:
So chang'd the Features of this miſcreant Crew,
Who by the Story *warn'd* their ſeveral Taſks renew.

Labour now reſumes his Reign,
All are buſy once again;
Hurry, Hurry,
Buſtle, Buſtle,
Workmen againſt Workmen juſtle.——

Hear you not the *Iron Crow?*
See you not the *Glue-Pot* flare?
Sharper far the Echoes grow,
Duſt and Shavings choak the Air!
With Sounds that ſplit the Ear they nail and wedge,
And jagged Saws ſet all one's Teeth on Edge!—

Come and aid me, meek ey'd PATIENCE,
Teach me to ſupport Delay;
Thou, O TIME, at length relieve me,
Drive theſe Wretches far away.——

And lo! good Heaven! their loitring Courſe is
run,
All's *puzzled out* at laſt, their deſtin'd Labor's
done.

Off, behold the vile troop pack,
Each his Budget at his Back,
Error ſtamping all their Notions,
Error guiding all their Motions;——
Nay,——move quick, ye idle Train,
Ne'er, oh ne'er return again!——
They cloſe the Door——but parting go
To cauſe ſome other Perſon Woe.

Ah luckleſs Mortal! for thy Heart I grieve,
Which with unnumber'd Cares this Caitiff Crew
[ſhall rive.

And now the Sound of Diſcord's o'er,
Who can my ill-form'd Houſe reſtore?
Heal its Defects? its Faults amend?
Who, ADAM? who but thee, my Friend?

Ah hither haſte
With all your *Taſte*,
And round my Walls your *Graces* fling.
Wave but your Hand,
At your Command
Shall *Beauty* from *Diſorder* ſpring.

None but a HERCULES was able
To clear the foul AUGEAN Stable,
And not a Soul but him, one reads,
Who with a genuine, *Claſſic Club*
Could every other Creature drub,
And boldly dar'd to lop the HYDRA's fifty Heads.

What is this HYDRA but FALSE-TASTE?
Deform'd, unfaſhion'd, and ungrac'd,
Whoſe fifty Mouths for many an Age
O'er BRITAIN's Fabrics ſpit their Rage;

But

But THOU haſt lain its Fury low,
It ſinks when GENIUS gives the Blow!
Strike deep—Th' HERCULEAN Conqueſt now main-
[tain,
Nor let this *hateful Monſter* breathe again.

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE,

TO THE

Play of JULIUS CÆSAR,

Acted at Mr. NEWCOMB's at HACKNEY, 1774.

OR Boy, or Man, who has not ſeen in Town
A Comic Print — *The World turn'd upſide down?*
Where ev'ry Syſtem, ev'ry Law's revers'd;
By new-born *Infants* are the *Aged* nurs'd,
Who dandling both their Parents on their Knee,
Teach them, with Rod in hand, their A, B, C
There *Pigs* ill-uſage will no longer brook,
But murder, roſin, ſpit, and roaſt *the Cook*.

Grooms by their *Horſes* ſaddled, ſcour the Plain;
By the meek *Houſe-lamb* is the *Butcher* ſlain.
Women the Breeches wear, and ſhine in Arms,
While at their *Toilets* Men improve their Charms.
Each Species change,——*Beaſts* in the *Sea* delight,
Fiſh fly about in *Air*,——Day turns to Night,
And all's to what it ſhould be——*Oppoſite*.

This, which was Satire held in Days of Yore,
Ill ſuits not *Seventeen Hundred Seventy Four*,
As I conceive the World on a juſt Survey,
Will ſeem to all full as much *topſey turvey*.
As for Example——*Courtier*,——*Patriot*, trace,
One is a Man *in Power*,——one *out of Place*;
Obſerve awhile this Whirligig go round,
The flaming *Patriot*'s at the *Levee* found,
The Courtier *chang'd too* makes as great a Stir,
And without Mercy——*roaſts the Miniſter*.——

Should

Should we the Scenes of *private Life* purſue,
What *Contradictions* open to the View!
Out of their Element one half appear,
Colours which Nature ne'er deſign'd them, wear.
Some grow mere *Devils* to avoid Reſtraint,
The *Devil* in Compliment becomes a *Saint*.——
See *Youth* trick'd out with *Affectation's* Plume,
See *Age* its *youthfull* Follies reaſſume;
See Dames of fifty-five new Ogles glance,
And gouty *threeſcore* go to School to *dance*——
Oh!——had the World but *right End upward* ſtood,
Think ye, my candid Friends, we ever ſhould,
A Band of Striplings, perſonate to you
Scenes which for Heroes only SHAKESPEARE drew?
Beneath this Roof to *Truth*, and *Virtue* led,
Tutor'd in *Science*, and to *Learning* bred;
That we ſhould ſhut our Books, and boldly prate
Of injur'd Freedom and a falling State?

Of the World's Sovereign urge the bloody Doom?
Or fix the Fortune of *Imperial* ROME?

Bold is the Taſk——If haply we ſucceed,
Crown with applauding Hands the perilous Deed
Or ſhould we fail, that Failure we implore
You'll 'mongſt the Follies rank of —— *Seventy Four.*

TO

TO

Miſs DUVAL,

On her Marriage with

Monsr. JOLY, of GENEVA.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXIV.

HEEDLESS of Seas, or adverſe Winds that riſe,
By ev'ry tender Sentiment enchain'd,
Lur'd by a Bridegroom's Name, the Lover flies
To claim that Heart which Merit only gain'd.

For, gentle LUCY, thy well-tutor'd Mind
Ne'er ſought with Wealth or Pomp thy Days to ſhare;
Wiſh'd but Life's peaceful, virtuous Walks to find,
Nor deem'd its idle Pageants worth thy Care.

Thine

Thine was each ſelf-approving Joy that roſe
From filial Duty piouſly diſcharg'd;
Which Friendſhip, or Humanity diſcloſe;
For all theſe Graces ſtill thy Mind enlarg'd.

Such, good-ſtarr'd Youth, ſuch is the Heart you've won;
What greater Treaſure than an Heart like this?——
A Life ſo calm, ſo pure, ſo well begun,
Gives thee firm Promiſe of domeſtic Bliſs.

Take then thy LUCY,—— be her Guardian,——Friend,
Shield her within thine Arms from Fortune's Frown;
Her Weakneſs 'gainſt a faithleſs World defend,
And prize that Merit which diſcern'd thine own.—

Go, well-match'd Pair, bleſt in each other's Love,
Go ſpread your fair Example far around;
And as Years roll'd on Years ſhall onward move,
In HYMEN's Bands be none more happy found!——

Yet,

Yet, gentle LUCY, where is Joy unmix'd?
Sighing the Muſe thy parting Step purſues;
Sighs her own Loſs; that Chance thy Lot hath fix'd
Where all its ſubject Lake GENEVA views.

Enchanting Spot! to me long-known, endear'd;
Where prudent Laws Ambition's Pow'r reſtrain,
By Wiſdom rul'd, as firſt by Wiſdom rear'd,
Where Virtue ſways, and ſimpleſt Manners reign!

As thro' theſe Scenes by thy lov'd Huſband's Side
Thou ſtray'ſt, where Nature's Beauties ſcatter'd lie,
Or mark'ſt th' eternal ALPS in Circuit wide
(Once my fond Theme!) all mingling with the Sky:

Then, for thy ſteady Friendſhip well I know,
Which Time nor Abſence e'er can wear away;
Then ſometimes, LUCY, one kind Thought beſtow
On HIM, who ſorrowing ſends this parting Lay.

THE

THE

MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

IN TWO ACTS.

ET IN ARCADIA EGO.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCC.LXXIII.

CEO KEVLE

O

O E J H E L K I T Y D S H I h

T H I S V I O L M

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J. H E

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY VISCOUNTESS PRIMEROSE,

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL TESTIMONY

OF THE FRIENDSHIP

WITH WHICH SHE HAS LONG HONORED

HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

GEO. KEATE.

O 3

H6

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ABBÉ DU BOS, in his *Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting*, mentions with great encomium a Picture of POUSSIN, wherein are repreſented ſome ARCADIAN Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who contemplate a Monument, on which they read this Inſcription, ET IN ARCADIA EGO.

He ſuppoſes an object ſo unexpected to have damped the feſtivity of the hour, and adds, *L'on ne voit plus ſur leurs Viſages, à travers l'Affliction qui s'en empare, que les Reſtes d'une Joïe expirante.*

I much doubt whether in the above Quotation the ingenious Critic does not give a merit to the *Artiſt*, which the *Art* never yet attained. The changes of the human countenance are occaſionally as quick as the operation of thought; and the rapidity of their ſucceſſion can awaken in a ſpectator ſuch a combination of ideas, as to produce almoſt inſtantaneouſly a correſpondent paſſion.

PAINTING

PAINTING can but half tell her Story.—The Pencil, even under the happieſt guidance, muſt be confined to a ſingle action, nor can expreſs more than the preſent ſentiment.——To unveil external appearances, and to paint that previous diſpoſition of the mind which fixes them, and which can magnify familiar events into effects of moment, is an elder Siſter's province, and the peculiar property of the MUSE.

It was this Reflection that induced me to form on the ſubject of POUSSIN's Picture, the following little Piece, which is probably of too ſerious a caſt for public repreſentation.——I do not recollect that the moral it conveys has yet

been delivered from the ſtage; for though HOPE remains to us the comfortable balance for THE FATAL INGREDIENTS OF THE Box, yet no Truth appears more obvious, than that the Fervor of an indulged Imagination may involve us in FANCIED Diſtreſſes, as painful to the heart, as moſt of the REAL ones which the World prepares for us.

Perſons

Persons of the Drama.

DORASTUS, a rich Shepherd, living as a Hermit.

LYSANDER, a young SPARTAN, Lover of EUPHEMIA.

MUSIDORUS, an ARCADIAN Shepherd.

EUPHEMIA, betrothed to LYSANDER.

DELIA, Friend to EUPHEMIA.

DAPHNE, } Daughters of MUSIDORUS.
LAURA, }

ARCADIANS.

Scene, ARCADIA.

THE

THE

THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A beautiful Proſpect of* ARCADIA; *Shepherds Dwellings diſperſed at a Diſtance, and a Wood on one Side.*

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, and DELIA.

LYSANDER.

THANKS to the Gods! our cheerful Steps at laſt
Have reach'd theſe happy Climes; where refug'd Virtue,
'Midſt laughing Vales, o'er-arch'd by cloudleſs Skies,
Enjoys a calm Retreat. And now, lov'd Maid!

Whom

Whom I have follow'd, and would follow ſtill
To Earth's remoteſt Bounds; 'tis Time to claim
That bright Reward, which, before DELIA here,
Your lov'd Companion DELIA, you have ſworn,
Soon as my Voice had welcom'd your Arrival,
Should crown my willing Service.

EUPHEMIA.

Gen'rous Youth!
Whoſe fond Compliance with a Maid's Requeſt
Has led you far from home; the Boon you aſk
Will poorly pay your Virtues; take my Hand,
And know I give it but to pledge a Heart
By ev'ry Title yours.

DELIA.

Unſhaken, long
Remain this Union!—Now! EUPHEMIA, now
Behold your Hopes accompliſh'd!—Breathe we not

A purer Air? And does not this bright Scene,
Which opens round us, realize the Truth
Of all ARANTHE ſaid?

EUPHEMIA.

It does, it does;
Peace to her Shade! And, DELIA, we ſhall bleſs
The friendly Path we trod; though ſcarcely yet
LYSANDER knows why I ſo long forbore
To crown his Love, and in this diſtant Clime
Would only wed.

LYSANDER.

It was enough for me
To know your Wiſh; contented to be bleſt
On your own Terms. But oft I've heard you ſay,
Your dying Mother, poor ARANTHE! left
Theſe Counſels in your ear, with that ſad Sigh
Which never more is heard.

EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

Her Care alone
Rear'd me to what I am; yet I ne'er knew
A Parent's Fondneſs. She was of ARCADIA;
And when the SPARTAN Arms, with fierce deſcent,
Sought theſe defenceleſs Shades, was forc'd away
With other Captives. Then, all pale with Tears,
Leſt Violence ſhould ſeize what Choice deny'd,
She gave the Plund'rer, what he aſk'd, her Hand,
And yielded to his Wiſh.—Vows thus conſtrain'd
Ne'er draw down Bleſſings. Fifteen tedious Years
She felt a lordly Huſband's rigid Sway;
Till Fate diſſolv'd her Bondage, and reſtor'd
Her Liberty.

LYSANDER.

EUPHEMIA, you relate
What moves my Wonder; for till now, I deem'd
You were ARANTHE's Child.

EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

I thought ſo too:

But mark the Sequel. —— Freedom came too late:
Worn by Diſſimulation's irkſome Taſk
For Years repeated, ſlow-conſuming Care
Subdu'd at laſt her Frame. ARCADIA's Vales
She now no more could viſit; that fond Hope
Through long Captivity ſuſtain'd the Soul,
Which ſunk to find it loſt.

LYSANDER.

Not long the Mourner
Surviv'd her Huſband?

EUPHEMIA.

Scarcely half the Space
Of ten ſad Moons. The Lamp of Life each Day
Burnt fainter; and a ſudden Stroke its Light
Almoſt extinguiſhing, ſhe call'd me to her,
And bade me bring the Friend whom moſt I lov'd,

My

My DELIA, with me. To our Ears ſhe then,
By interrupted Words with Pain brought forth,
Unlock'd her Heart;——Told me, a Mother's Name
Was but aſſum'd, that He whom ſhe eſpous'd
Might treat me gently;——That my infant Years
Were to her Care confided;——That her All
She had bequeath'd me;——And her dying Wiſh
Was, that when Time ſhould favor the Intent,
I'd ſeek ARCADIA.——"If, my Child!" ſhe cry'd,
"Thy Lot be Happineſs, 'twill meet thee there;
"Be Hope thy Guide: The righteous Gods, perhaps,
"May there reſtore"—But what—was all conceal'd;
For Death that inſtant ſeiz'd her Pow'rs of Speech,
And left me loſt in Darkneſs and Diſtreſs.

DELIA.

Nor till her Spirit fled, ceas'd ſhe to fix,
Though Utt'rance was deny'd, on my fair Friend
Looks forcible as Language.——We have ſearch'd,

Where'er

Where'er Conjecture wings its dubious Flight,
To trace her Meaning, or descry from whence
EUPHEMIA drew her Birth; but ev'ry Path
Perplex'd and tangled, still in Darkness ends.

LYSANDER.

Some Cause forbade, or she had ne'er so long
Conceal'd the Story, which her parting Breath
Could not enough disclose. But say, my Love,
Did not ARANTHE oft' at other Times
Discourse the Beauties of her native Land,
The more to tempt you to this Pilgrimage?

EUPHEMIA.

Oh, frequent! frequent! It was oft' her Subject,
And she would tell such Wonders of ARCADIA,
So boast its joyous Skies, where Love, where Truth,
And fair Simplicity reign'd undisturb'd,
That all entranc'd I heard her, and my Soul
Dwelt on her Story, till it pin'd to see

Theſe Heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd Regions. —— To myſelf,
In ſecret, then I vow'd, that I would ne'er
But in ARCADIA wed. —— It was for this
ARCADIA was ſo oft my Theme, when firſt
You grac'd me with your Notice; 'twas for this
I hither led you; and at ſome near Shrine
My Vow ſhall be confirm'd.

LYSANDER.

Bleſt be the Night,
When forth I led you from deteſted SPARTA,
Ne'er to behold it more! Deteſted SPARTA!
Where the firm Virtue of our rigid Fathers,
Which nerv'd their Arm, and gave th' admiring World
A Line of Heroes, is debas'd by Vice,
Or cruſh'd by pow'rful Faction. —— To forget
The Cloud that ſhades my Country, be my Taſk;
Since thence I've borne a Prize, in whom I view
The Graces of the pureſt Times.

EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

No more!

Already you o'erpay me.

LYSANDER.

Bounteous Maid!

My Tongue would beggar Language, ſhould it ſpeak
The Tranſport I now feel to call Thee mine,
And to enfold Thee thus. —— Whatever Joys
This Clime ſhall offer, they can nothing add
To mine, poſſeſſing Thee.

DELIA.

Behold! a Troop
Of Swains advancing! Haply, we from them
May gain all due Intelligence.

LYSANDER.

Yet hold!

They ſeem aſſembled on ſome Ceremony;

'Twere beſt at Diſtance mark them ;——For a while
Let us withdraw beneath theſe bow'ring Shades.

[*They retire into the Wood.*

Enter—MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, LAURA, *and a Number of* ARCADIAN *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, bearing in their Hands Garlands of Flowers.*

They advance, ſinging.

CHORUS.

Give the Hour to ſober Pleaſures ;
Cheerful Hearts are Life's beſt Treaſures :
Let the choral Song go round ;
Echo ſhall our Joys reſound.

MUSIDORUS.

Onward, ARCADIANS ! bear your flow'ry Wreaths,
Twin'd with the faireſt Sweets of ev'ry Kind
That ſcent the Ev'ning Air, and with them deck

The

The ſacred Pines of PAN; while the deep Grove
Tells to the diſtant Hills our feſtive Rites.——

'Tis wiſely done to make the moſt of Life:
Whilſt Temp'rance ſits the Guardian of our Sports,
Each grateful Smile that dimples o'er the Cheek
Is Tribute paid the Gods!

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Let ſuch as tread
The buſy Haunts of Men, where Envy ſhoots
Its poiſon'd Arrows, wear their Brow o'ercaſt;
Our Vales are only Witneſſes of Joy,
And Mirth well-authoriz'd; Our fertile Soil
A happier Sun-ſhine warms; and the preſs'd Grape,
Pouring from Goblets deep its purple Stream,
Drives off imagin'd Ills, and the cheer'd Mind
Attunes to Harmony.

AIR.

Gloomy Care can ne'er controul
Joys that wait the temp'rate Bowl;
Welcome all its pure Delights,
Blameleſs Days, and peaceful Nights.

In our Cup her radiant Wings
FANCY dips, and brighter ſprings;
To her the Pow'r is giv'n
To ſoar beyond the Pride of Kings,
And form on ev'ry Spot a Heav'n.

LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA, *appear from the Wood.*

LYSANDER.

Forgive us, Shepherds,
If we as Strangers peradventure preſs
Somewhat abruptly on you. Wide is ſpread
The Fame of your fair Clime; and it hath hither

Allur'd

Allur'd our Steps, inquiſitive to learn
That true Simplicity which marks your Lives,
And makes them deem'd ſo happy.

MUSIDORUS.

You are welcome
To theſe pacific Shades, and doubly ſo
As being Strangers: But if chance you come
From Scenes of artful Life, where Pomp diſplays
Its ſplendid Fallacies, ours ſcarce will charm.——
Yet here Content reſides, and rural Eaſe;
With ev'ry Bleſſing which the bounteous PAN
Beſtows on virtuous Toils.

LYSANDER.

Deem not that we
So ill have read the World, that our fool'd Senſe
Is caught by Pageantry.——Nought charms ſo much
As the bright Luſtre of an upright Mind,
Active, and ſteady.—— And in lonely Vales,

And Roofs unnotic'd, oft' ſuch Virtues dwell
As Courts with Pride might boaſt; though all unſeen
Their Graces bloom, ſave by a circling few,
And Heav'n's approving Eye.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Your Reas'ning, Youth,
Beſpeaks a Mind well tutor'd; and your Chance
Hath thrown you amongſt Men, who know to prize
The Heart that points to Virtue.—Freely ſhare
Whate'er theſe Plains afford. Say, will you join
Our feſtive Rites? Or, rather, do you ſeek
Reſt and Refreſhment?—Long perchance hath been
Your Way; and theſe your fair Companions tire.

LYSANDER.

True—long hath been our Way; but we have made it
Pleaſure, not Toil.—You ſhall at Leiſure know
Whate'er in the ſmall Circle of our Lives

May win your Ear. Suffice it now to ſay
What beyond Reſt, beyond your proffer'd Care,
Sits neareſt at my Heart, is, that you guide
Our Steps, to where before ſome hallow'd Shrine,
This beauteous Maid and I may ſwear till Death
A laſting Union. —— Long, too long, my Bliſs
Hath been delay'd; and tedious ſeems to creep
Each lazy Minute now, till I can boaſt
Alliance with her Virtues.

MUSIDORUS.

Such a Place
Stands in the Covert of yon Wood; be mine
The Taſk to lead you thither. —— Leagues of Love,
Approv'd by Virtue, from their ſtarry Thrones
The Gods behold well pleas'd! —— Go you before,
My Daughters, and with virgin Hands adorn
The nuptial Altar. —— Shepherds, you'll purſue
Your purpos'd Sports: we ſhall at Eve rejoin.

[*Exeunt* DAPHNE *and* LAURA.

LYSANDER,

LYSANDER.

Here, my EUPHEMIA, our long Voyage ends,
Safe in the wiſh'd-for Port we ride in Peace,
Anchor'd by Love and Friendſhip.—Gen'rous Swain!
Your hoſpitable Kindneſs aſks more Praiſe
Than my poor Tongue can give; a Time may come
When I may better ſpeak it.

MUSIDORUS.

Nay! no more;
I act but as I ought. —— Benevolence
Is due from Man, to Man! —— Come, Lady, on;
The Altar now attends your maiden Vows;
Be thrifty of the Hour, the Day wears faſt.

[*Exeunt* MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA.

FIRST ARCADIAN.

Now with light Foot to ſportive Meaſures beat,
Strike ev'ry ſprightly Note, that ere we join

In

In yonder hallow'd Grove, we to the Dance
May add new Graces, and avow our Zeal.

A DANCE *of* ARCADIANS.

After the DANCE, *the* CHORUS *repeated.*

Give the Hour to ſober Pleaſures;
Cheerful Hearts are Life's beſt Treaſures:
Let the choral Song go round;
Echo ſhall our Joys reſound. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A wild rocky Entrance to a Cave; on one Side of which is ſeen a Wood.*

DORASTUS *enters from the Cave. After looking attentively around, he comes ſlowly forward.*

Hail! to the Ev'ning Sun, which from the Weſt
Empurples all the Sky, and this my Cave
Gilds with its parting Rays; this moſs-grown Cave,

Long

Long by my Footſteps worn!——For ſince the Arms
Of the fell SPARTANS tore my Child away,
(Sole Pledge of a dear Union) with the Friend
To whom her dying Mother gave the Charge
To train her Infancy; and ev'ry Hope
To trace their Fate is vain; I've ſhun'd the Plain,
Nor mingled with the Gay.——In theſe lone Shades
I wake my Mind to Truth; and as the Stream
Of Life flows gently on, purſue that Peace
Philoſophy inſpires, and patient wait
Th' Appointment of the Gods!—But I muſt hence—
The length'ning Shadows warn me now to ſeek
In the near Valley ſuch ſweet-ſmelling Flow'rs
As give their Perfumes to the Ev'ning Gale,
And ſtrew them round yon vacant Tomb I've rear'd
To ſooth a Father's Sorrows.——There's in Grief
A melancholy Pleaſure, which indulg'd,
Becalms the Soul;—— and ſuch this Taſk to me.——

O much-lamented Maid! if from this World
Eſcap'd, thou ſit'ſt a Spirit in Air, accept
A Parent's pious Off'ring;—Or if ſtill
Thou draw'ſt the Breath of Bondage, or art doom'd
To tread the flinty Ways of Life, may Heav'n
Give thee proportion'd Virtue!——Yet a while,
A tranſient Space, Time's friendly Hand ſhall guide
Each Suff'rer to his Reſt, and all our Cares
Shall melt to nothing, like the Morning Dew.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

A RURAL SCENE.

Enter LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, MUSIDORUS, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

As they are all advancing from the End of the Stage, DAPHNE *and* LAURA *ſing the following*

DUET.

HYMEN pleas'd your Faith ſurveys;
All his peaceful Bleſſings ſhare!
Pureſt Friendſhip crown your Days!
Joy attend you, happy Pair!

LYSANDER.

Thanks, courteous Fair-ones, Thanks; I little hop'd
Such Bride-maids for my Love; but you are all

As bounteous as your Skies; and your kind Care
Shall bind us both your Debtors.—You, good Shepherd,
Who with your Daughters at the Shrine of PAN
Have witneſs'd to our Vows, ſhall ſee, I truſt,
That they were ſeal'd with Truth, and only join'd
Hearts of congenial Mould.

MUSIDORUS.

May circling Years
Still firmer bind them! and the Hand of Death
Alone diſſolve this Union!

EUPHEMIA.

Heav'n ſo grant!——
Moſt freely, Shepherd, I accept your Grace,
And proffer'd Services; wrapt in Delight
To meet already in this ſtranger Land
Such hoſpitable Smiles.

DAPHNE.

Nor here is ſeen
A Smile

A Smile the Heart avows not; our plain Life
Diſdains thoſe Arts and Falſhoods, which they ſay
Are practis'd by the Great-ones of the World.——
Ambition walks not here; nor is here known
Envy, its fell Aſſociate.——Rural Cares
Employ the fleeting Day, and one firm Chain
Of ſocial Harmony unites us all.——
Our temp'rate Board gives Cheerfulneſs and Health;
And there Contentment ſits, and bids us ſcorn
What cheated Man calls Luxury.

LAURA.

Nor yet
Shall our calm Plains abuſe your Hopes; the Eye
As well as Mind is ſolac'd.——Nature blooms
In youthful Beauty round us, from her Urn
Scatt'ring unnumber'd Treaſures. Mark how glows
The vivid Landſcape; and the burthen'd Earth
Pants with the gay Profuſion.

EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

A new World
Springs up before me. See, LYSANDER, ſee
What vary'd Sweets ſhall ſtrew our future Paths
Beneath this better Sun.

LYSANDER.

Rooted I ſtand,
And loſt in Admiration thank the Gods
For all their Bounty to me; chief for Thee
Their nobleſt Boon, thou Crown of my Deſires!
Thou lovely Charmer!——O my Friends, excuſe
A young Man's Tranſport; when you better know
This Maiden's Excellence, you will confeſs
My Tongue no Flatt'rer——for ſhe wears a Heart
So pure, ſo ſpotleſs, that it might be ſhrin'd
In Cryſtal, and have all its Movements ſcann'd!

MUSIDORUS.

My Boſom ſhares your Tranſport,——Gentle Lady,

Beneath the Umbrage of yon tufted Trees,
Which ſhade the Margin of the azure Stream
That ſteals along its Side, our Dwelling ſtands,
Ruſtic and ſimple; thick around it ſhoots
The flaunting Woodbine; and each fragrant Flow'r
Adorns the verdant Scene.——There I've prepar'd
A cheerful Welcome;——All our rural Sports
My Daughters ſhall relate, and teach you too,
If ſo you like, to tend our fleecy Folds;
For all are Shepherds here.

EUPHEMIA.

Something but now,
As o'er the Lawn we paſs'd, LAURA diſcours'd
Of a grey Hermit, whoſe religious Life
Gain'd him ſuch Love, that each ARCADIAN deem'd
His Bleſſing proſp'rous; fain on this Day's Act
Would I implore it.

MUSIDORUS.

Lady, he you mean
Dwells at the moſſy Foot of yonder Rock,
The good DORASTUS; Shepherd once himſelf,
And Maſter ſtill of many a Flock; but he,
Long from our Plains ſequeſter'd, mourns retir'd
A Loſs that weighs his grey Hairs down.——All here
View him with filial Love; for he's to all
A Friend, a Father.——Thither I'll conduct you
As homeward now we paſs.

LYSANDER.

We will attend;
Yet tarry but a Space, while from thoſe Trees
Of cluſt'ring Roſes, that invite the Touch,
I pluck ſome crimſon Buds, and twiſt a Wreath
For my EUPHEMIA's Brow; ſhe has not yet
Receiv'd her bridal Garland. [*Exit.*

EUPHEMIA.

On this Bank

Await we his Return. Sit, my fair Maids;
And, DELIA, calm the Flutt'rings of my Heart
By ſome ſoft Strain.——Give me that cheering Song
ARANTHE ſo much lov'd.

DELIA.

'Tis well devis'd,
Nor foreign to the Moment. —— I obey.

SONG.

All the Splendor which Wealth can diſplay
Is ſo vain, that it quickly muſt cloy;
Like a Bubble, it ſoon melts away,
If HOPE does not heighten the Joy.

Sweet Paſſion! without thee, the Soul
In the Midſt of Fruition would tire;
Into Times yet unborn thou canſt roll,
And expand on the Wings of Deſire.

It

It was HOPE that firſt planted my Vine,
And its Cluſters luxuriouſly ſpread;
Rear'd my Fig-tree, whoſe Branches intwine,
And ſo gratefully ſhadow my Head.

HOPE comforts the Mourner's ſad State,
Sooths the Wretch who is ſtruggling with Pain,
Bids the Captive ſupport his hard Fate,
And to Home turns his Eyes back again.

Bright Charmer! ah! live in my Breaſt,
Round my Temples thy Garland ſtill bind;
Thou ſhalt calm all my Sorrows to reſt,
And cheer with thy Sunſhine my Mind.

EUPHEMIA.

Kind DELIA, take my Thanks.——I feel the Truth

Thy Strain inſpires; for ſee LYSANDER comes,
Who round the little Region of my Heart
Bids HOPE triumphant live.

LYSANDER *re-enters, with a Chaplet of Roſes in his Hand.*

LYSANDER.

EUPHEMIA, wear
This blooming Wreath, in Honor of the Day,
And as an Emblem of our twin'd Affections.——

[*Preſents her the Chaplet.*

This hath a tranſient Date, but they, I truſt,
Shall never know Decay.——Now let us ſpeed
To ſeek the Hermit's Cave; good Shepherd, on.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene opening discovers a Wood. In the Middle of the Stage is a MONUMENT, *with the Statue of a Nymph lying on it. Upon its Base appears this Inscription, in large Characters,*

I TOO WAS AN ARCADIAN.

DORASTUS *is seen standing near the Tomb, with a Basket of Flowers in his Hand, singing the following*

AIR.

My Woes, O Mem'ry! cease to trace;
Ah! curse no more the SPARTAN Race!
Come, meek-ey'd Patience, calm my Mind,
And make it to its Fate resign'd.——
This fancy'd Form, this empty Tomb
Relieves the Rigour of my Doom.

Enter MUSIDORUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, DELIA, DAPHNE, *and* LAURA.

MUSIDORUS.

Behold the good old Man! — On the still Air

How ſweetly floats his plaintive Voice!——Beſide
This Wood he dwells, and here at ſetting Sun
Sings his accuſtom'd Dirge, as Mem'ry drops
A Sigh o'er happier Scenes that Time hath clos'd.

LYSANDER.

Say, what yon Pile which he beſtrews with Flow'rs?
It ſeems a Tomb, and that fair ſculptur'd Form
Declares it ſuch; as does the Epitaph,
"*I too was an Arcadian.*"

MUSIDORUS.

He bewails
A Daughter torn away, on whom he built
The Comfort of his Age; it is for her
This mournful Pile is rear'd, theſe Rites perform'd.—
But ſoft!—A Moment ends them; let us not
Invade his Privacy.

[*They keep retired on one Side of the Stage.*

DORASTUS

DORASTUS *continues the Air, ſtrewing the Flowers round the Tomb.*

Gentle Spirit, Peace be thine!
This ſad Office ſtill be mine;
Theſe fond Marks of Love receive,
All a drooping Sire can give.

During the Song, LYSANDER *diſcourſes with* MUSIDORUS;——EUPHEMIA, *with* DAPHNE *and* LAURA. *She often fixes her Eyes on the Monument, with Marks of Emotion.*

The Song ended, they advance.

MUSIDORUS.

Good Ev'n, DORASTUS,
And heard be all thy Oriſons!—— Behold
I bring with me a Pair, who even now
At yonder conſecrated Altar ſeal'd
The Bond of wedded Faith.—— Far is their Home,
Beyond the Southern Mountains; but Deſire
To viſit theſe our Plains hath urg'd their Steps
Hither,

Hither, to ſojourn with us.——Lo! they ſue
Your Grace and Welcome; and will prove, I judge,
Worthy your Courteſy.——Their bridal Bed
My Daughters have prepar'd; and I myſelf
Shall be their this Night's Hoſt; a ſecret Impulſe
Hath won me to their Service.

LYSANDER.

Strangers here,
Each Mark of Hoſpitality muſt charm;
And ſooth to ſay, this our kind Patron's Care
Hath far outſtrip'd my Hope.—— Might we obtain
Thy Pray'rs, reſpected Hermit, nothing then
Remains to crown our Fortune.

DORASTUS.

If the Bleſſing
Of an old Man by many a Sorrow worn,
And bow'd by many a Year, can aught avail,
O take it, freely take it.— May the Act

Of this fair Day be proſper'd! may a Length
Of Happineſs be yours! a virtuous Race
To both endear the World! and all your Paths,
Your Ev'ning Paths of Life, be ſpread with Flow'rs
That never grew in mine!

LYSANDER.

Ah! much I grieve
That your's have prov'd uneven!—— For your Wiſhes
Count me your Debtor.—— My EUPHEMIA too,
My Bride ſhall thank you; for her Heart is gentle,
And grateful as the Flow'r that pays with Sweets
The genial Summer's Bounty!——

As he turns to EUPHEMIA, *he finds her looking towards the Tomb with a melancholy Attention.*

Ha! my Love,
Whence this Amaze? why doſt thou bend thy Sight
On yonder Tomb? and wherefore on thy Brow
Sits a deſcriptive Sorrow, that hath drank

The Luſtre of thine Eyes, and damp'd the Joy
Which ſparkled there but now?—Say, why is this?
What the ſtrange Cauſe?

EUPHEMIA.

The Cauſe is in myſelf;
O my LYSANDER! I have fool'd my Senſe
With viſionary Hope, and now awake
To meet my Error.

LYSANDER.

Nay! explain, EUPHEMIA.

EUPHEMIA.

This good Man's Sigh has op'd my Eyes; this Scene
Of Death has undeceiv'd me.—Blind to think
That there was any Ground, where Mortals tread,
On which Affliction walks not!—Ev'ry Clime
Engenders human Woe; and fam'd ARCADIA
Is pregnant with the ſame diſaſtrous Fortune
That other Regions know.

DORASTUS.

DORASTUS.

Our Life, fair Lady,
Muſt needs be chequer'd thus.

LYSANDER.

Alas! my Love,
Let us enjoy the Good, nor with vain Search
Anticipate Misfortune; come it will,
Though Wiſdom ſtand as Guard; and e'en theſe Shades
Muſt ſometimes own its Pow'r.

EUPHEMIA.

Miſtaken Maid!
Is this the Land where Pleaſure only reign'd?
Was it for this I pac'd ſo long a Way?
Abandon'd SPARTA? and ſo far allur'd
Thy wand'ring Steps, LYSANDER, here to meet
The Face of Sorrow?—Where is that Content
ARANTHE boaſted? Where that Peace, ſhe ſaid
Should greet our Coming?—Ah! could ſhe delude
That Hope ſhe ſo long nouriſh'd?

DORASTUS.

DORASTUS.

Heard I aright?
Or did falſe Sounds abuſe me? —— Spake you not
Of SPARTA, and ARANTHE, courteous Lady?
Pray you ſay on; for to my Ear you utter'd
A Name well known. —— ARANTHE! knew you her?
And lives ſhe yet?

LYSANDER.

Ah no! ſhe is no more!
With pious Hand theſe Maidens clos'd her Eyes,
Bathing her Corſe with Tears.

EUPHEMIA.

In her I loſt
The beſt of Women, whoſe indulgent Care
No Time ſhall wear away. —— Her lateſt Wiſh
Was I ſhould ſeek ARCADIA, where herſelf
Had ſometime known a happier Deſtiny
Than SPARTA's Walls afforded.

DORASTUS.

DORASTUS.

You are then
Her daughter, doubtleſs; you perhaps have oft
Heard her relate — — —

EUPHEMIA.

Good Hermit, you miſtake;
I am no Child of her's, though many a Year
Such I was deem'd, till her laſt Breath unveil'd
The Error, and declar'd I was a Pledge
Intruſted to her Care in infant Years,
By whom was unexplain'd, for Death's cold Graſp
Broke off th' unfiniſh'd Tale, —— and I had walk'd
The World, a friendleſs Orphan, and alone,
But for this virtuous Youth, to whom I've giv'n
That Love his Merit claim'd. —— But why on me
Is caſt that Look of Eagerneſs? —— Why heaves
Thy lab'ring Boſom thus? —— or whence thoſe Tears
That tremble in thine Eye?

DORASTUS.

DORASTUS.

O Nature!——Nature!
Who with thy pow'rful, and invifible Hand
Shak'ft my whole Frame with Tumult,—can I think
This Conflict, theſe Forebodings of a Father
Are rais'd, or felt in vain?—The Stroke's too great!
Pray you your Arm a Moment.——Yes——it muft—
Thoſe Features wear the radiant Hue of Truth!——
There cannot be Deceit.——It is——It is
My long-loſt Child reſtor'd.——

EUPHEMIA.

All-ruling Gods!
Have ye upheld me through the Maze of Life
Unknowing, and unknown, in this far Land
To guide me to a Parent?

LYSANDER.

All's explain'd;
This was ARANTHE's Meaning, this the Cauſe

She urg'd ſo ſtrong your Coming, hoping ſtill
Some Chance might bring about this bleſt Event
Th' indulgent Gods have proſper'd.

DORASTUS.

Gen'rous Youth!
Whoſe Graces have endear'd thee to my Child,
Whoſe Truth and Friendſhip won her, let my Arms
Embrace thee as a Son.——A Father's Bleſſing,
Pour'd from a Heart with Gratitude o'ercome,
Shall now enforce the reſt.——Alas! too quick
My Spirits bound!——Prithee reſolve my Mind
A few fond Queſtions more.

[*They withdraw to the Bottom of the Stage*

MUSIDORUS.

See, my Children,
The Virtuous ſtill are happy!——This is ſhe
So long reputed dead, for whom was rear'd
The Statue, and the Tomb; for whom theſe Shades

So oft' have echo'd with a Father's Sighs;
Sighs now repaid with Tranſports!

LAURA.

Nor in vain
Have we intwin'd the feſtive Wreath. This Night
Shall ſocial Pleaſure beam from ev'ry Eye,
And Sounds of Joy be heard along the Vale.

DAPHNE.

See where, returning from the hallow'd Grove,
The Shepherds croſs the Plain. I'll be myſelf
Of this Event the Harbinger; 'twill prove
Moſt welcome to them all. [*Exit.*

DORASTUS, LYSANDER, EUPHEMIA, *and* DELIA, *come forward.*

DORASTUS.

Enough, enough;
My ſtormy Life at laſt ſinks to a Calm.

Come

Come Death now when it will, I'll meet it ſmiling,
Upheld by this lov'd Pair.

LYSANDER.

Long live to ſee
Our mutual happineſs! and be repaid,
In the bright Virtues of your new-found Daughter,
The Suff'rings you've endur'd!

DORASTUS.

Great Providence!
How juſt are all thy Ways!——Never let Man,
Howe'er he be diſtreſs'd, abandon Hope;
For in the Moment when the Cloud is blackeſt,
When the big Storm rolls loudeſt o'er his Head,
The Hand of Heav'n perhaps ſupports his Steps,
And guides him back to Peace!—'Twas but this Morn,
Stung with Remembrance of my former Woes,
I curs'd the Sons of SPARTA; ere Day cloſe

A SPARTAN Hand leads back the Child I loſt,
And quite atones the Wrongs his Country did me!

EUPHEMIA.

Juſtly I ſtand reprov'd.——Henceforth I'll own
Each Murmur is a Crime, and Diſcontent
Ingratitude to Heav'n.

DORASTUS.

Forbear to think
This Earth can teem Perfection; Far beyond
Thoſe azure Rocks, that kiſs the ſloping Sky,
A happier Region lies, to which compar'd
Our Spot, is as the dank and tainted Gale
To th' unſully'd Breath of Morning.—There the Toils
Of lab'ring Virtue ceaſe! and thither oft'
She turns her patient Eye, and ſeeks her Crown!——
'Tis there, EUPHEMIA, and 'tis there alone
Perfection may be hop'd; on this Side, all
Is mutable and frail!

EUPHEMIA.

Yet 'tis not ſtrange
The Mind that's tutor'd to expect too much
Should ſigh at Diſappointment.

DORASTUS.

That, my Child,
Is Life's grand Error;——We delude ourſelves,
And charge the Cheats of FANCY to the World.——
Man in his viſionary Hour conceives
Joys never deſtin'd for him, then ſits down
In ſullen Diſcontent, to think he loſes
That which he ne'er poſſeſs'd.——Go, wiſer you
My Children, curb your Wiſhes, taſte with Thanks
That Good the Gods allot you; and remember,
Howe'er our Paths are chequer'd by Misfortune,
Life ſtill has many Pleaſures for the Virtuous.

MUSIDORUS.

The neighb'ring Swains, whom DELIA has inform'd

Of what has chanc'd, with Looks of Tranſport haſte
To greet your happier Fortune.

A Number of ARCADIANS *enter with* DAPHNE, *and ſur-round* DORASTUS *with Marks of Congratulation.*

DORASTUS.

Ah! how ſweet
Their Steps who ſpeak of Peace!—I have, my Friends,
A Heart that reads your Purpoſe in your Eye,
And regiſters your Love —— A Heart, the Gods
Have quite o'erwhelm'd with Mercy!—Thanks to all
Who ſhare with me this Joy; and double Thanks
To thee, kind MUSIDORUS, whom this Night
We all will ſojourn with, and cheer the Board
Thy lib'ral Hand has ſpread.—Rich Flocks, and Herds,
And wide-ſpread Paſtures, ſhall be giv'n to-morrow
In Dowry with this Maid.——You, DELIA, too
Shall now become my Care.——Let us away,
The Ev'ning Star is ris'n, —— and as we paſs

Let

Let all our choral Youth their Voices join
In Notes that deep-felt Gratitude inſpires.

CHORUS.

Mighty PAN! to Thee we owe
All the Happineſs we know;——
Let our Lives ſtill peaceful glide;
Give us Virtue for our Guide. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Mortals, who this Drama view,

Own you not its Moral true?——

Virtuous Minds ſhould ne'er deſpair;

They are Heav'n's peculiar Care,

Who teaches ſuff'ring Man to know

HOPE'S THE COUNTERPOISE OF WOE.

But if HOPE *unlicens'd reigns,*

Wildly ſeeks ideal Plains,

Pictures Joys it ne'er can meet,

Paths ne'er trod by human Feet;

Then, ah! then expect to find

ARCADIA'S ONLY IN THE MIND.

TO

The Meſſrs. ADAM,

On their late ſucceſsful Lottery.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXIV.

AS GENIUS and MERIT indulg'd a ſhort Sally,
To mark the dull Wit and Abuſe of CHANGE-
ALLEY,
They ſaw the Weeds ſpring which by ENVY were ſown,
And heard the ſhrill Clarion which MALICE had blown;
Tho' ſuch Schemes to o'erthrow THE ADELPHI were
laid,
Yet unruffled they look'd, and walk'd on undiſmay'd

Into

Into JONATHAN's Room, to ſee what was decided,
Where o'er her own Wheels MADAM FORTUNE preſided;
Who ſoon finding out that the BROTHERS were there,
Bade them come from the Crowd, and ſit down by her
Chair:
When thus ſhe addreſs'd them, — "I've mark'd with
Delight
"Your Patience, your Spirit, and both will requite;
"Ne'er regard the Abuſe of this profligate Town,
"The ADELPHI ſhall ſtand, and record your Renown,
"Tho' Men trump up each Day ſome incredible Story
"To tarniſh your Fame, and o'erſhadow your Glory;
"Yet not more to YOU, than to ME they're unkind,
"*Undiſcerning* they call me, and ſtill paint me *blind*,
"Swear I foſter the *Fool*, give the *Worthleſs* Succeſs;
"But that all this is Scandal they now ſhall confeſs:
So ſaying, her Bandage ſhe tore from her Eyes,
And gave to the ADAMS her *moſt-valu'd Prize*. —

"There, take it," ſhe cry'd—— "let the World
"now declare
"That GENIUS and MERIT henceforth are my Care;
"Go, proſper again—— Shine unfetter'd and free,
"Whilſt ENVY and MALICE ſhall curſe YOU and ME."

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

FOR THE

First Part of HENRY IV.

Acted at Mr. NEWCOMB's at HACKNEY, 1777.

Spoken by HOSTESS QUICKLY.

The Hoſteſs is diſcovered in her Bar-Room leaning on a Table — a Bell rings without ſeveral Times; FRANCIS *the Drawer, after being repeatedly called for behind the Scenes, enters haſtily.*

FRANCIS.

ANON, Anon — I'm coming in a Crack —
Miſtreſs, your Keys—SIR JOHN calls out for Sack—
He huffs and bluſters, now the Battle's o'er,
Ten Times as loud as e'er he did before!

HOSTESS.

HOSTESS.

A Murrain in his Guts—— there is no Peace

For this great Lump of Roguery and Greaſe——

Go ſerve him, FRANCIS——I'll enjoy my Reſt,

[*Exit* FRANCIS.

Nor move for ſuch a noiſy, ſwaggering Gueſt.——

There's not a Woman in EASTCHEAP, I'm ſure,

That could the Buſtle I go thro', endure!

The Prince, Heav'n bleſs him!——he's ſo free and kind,

He'd ev'ry Creature to his Service bind.——

SIR JOHN oft' ſays, perhaps 'tis but in Sport,

When HAL is King, he'll ſend for *me* to Court.——

Egad, and if he does, he need not fear [*riſes.*

But he'll have ta'en the right Sow by the Ear;

DAME QUICKLY, as his Majeſty ſhall ſee,

Can be a Match for all the Quality.——

Firſt

First then, to give the *Ton*, and be polite,
I'll ſleep all Day, and go abroad all Night;
For 'tis decreed there now can be no Fun,
Spirit, or Joy, in aught *beneath the Sun*.——
Next, to keep Pace with faſhionable People,
I'll have my Hair whirl'd up like our Church Steeple,
Bolſter'd and cramm'd with Wool, at leaſt a Peck;
Whilſt Two great *Sauſage Curls* ſhall croſs my Neck:
To rival e'en the *higheſt* I will venture,
And of my Figure make my Face *the Centre*.
Then ſhall my Creſt with ſpangled Plumes be ſpread,
And a whole *Green Stall* nod upon my Head;
All *Fruits* and *Flowers* too—— for 'tis but reaſon
A Lady's Head ſhould ever be *in Seaſon*.——
For a ſlim pinch'd-in Stay I'll change my Jump,
And my Hips ſaddle with a nice *Cork Rump*;
Thus thro' the Circles of the Gay I'll ſwing,
And be from *Top*, to *Bottom*,——quite the Thing:

Become

Become a public Object——public Toaſt——

And furniſh Scandal for the *Morning Poſt*.——

Then I'll ſend Cards to ev'ry Soul I know,
No Matter who they are, or Friend, or Foe;
They'll put their beſt Cloaths on, and ſwell my Show.

Cards the beſt Knowledge of the World can teach,
And render needleſs the *eight parts of Speech* ——
All Sorts of Characters they mix together,
Strange Birds, of ev'ry Neſt, and ev'ry Feather.
When one collects a Crowd of Young and Old,
And twice as many as one's Houſe ſhould hold,
Tho' each in turn is ſtifled, ſtew'd, and frighted,
Nay ſqueez'd to Death, yet all go Home delighted.—

But hold, DAME QUICKLY—— ſay you this attain,
Compute——and by the Change count what you'll gain.——

Where

Where is your Time for Reſt? for Peace? for ſleeping?—
A *Public Houſe* you ſurely *ſtill* are keeping. ——
Egad, if that's the Caſe——no Court for me——
I'll ſtay where Benchfulls of old Friends I ſee,
My old *Trade* ſtill in EASTCHEAP I'll purſue,
And hope each Night ſuch *Cuſtomers* as You.

A PETITION FROM

Mrs. DELANY's CITRON-TREE *,

TO HER GRACE

The Dutcheſs Dowager of PORTLAND.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXVIII.

THOSE who the ancient Bards explore,
Know Trees have mov'd in Days of Yore,
And, by the Pow'r of Muſic led,
Have ſcamper'd from their native Bed.

Thus

* To thoſe who never have had the pleaſure of ſeeing the valuable Work of Art of Mrs. DELANY's, alluded to in theſe Lines, to make them the better underſtood, it will be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that this extraordinary Lady, at a very advanced period of Life, began A FLORA, on a

Thus PORTLAND, by like magic Sway,
PORTLAND, whom all the Arts obey,
Bleſs'd with the ſame harmonious Skill,
Makes all Things migrate at her Will;
Great NATURE's Cells her Pow'r unlocks,
Her Caverns opens, ſtrips her Rocks,

Tears

plan peculiarly her own, formed by applying coloured Papers together, ſo as to give the juſt repreſentation of the Plant, or Flower ſhe purpoſed to deſcribe.—Her unwearied perſeverance in this purſuit, hath in the courſe of about ſix years, made her the Authoreſs of by far the largeſt FLORA that ever was executed by the ſame hand.—Her juſt attention to Nature, added to her great knowledge in Painting, have enabled her to produce ſuch effects by this Invention, as Painting could hardly attain; ſuch effects as thoſe only, who have been eye-witneſſes of her wonderful ſkill, can form any juſt Idea of.—Though this accompliſhment, as well as the many others ſhe poſſeſſes, are but the Embelliſhments of a character, which all the engaging Virtues of Life have rendered reſpectable.

Mrs. DELANY, whilſt in IRELAND, was preſented with a CITRON, the Seeds of which ſhe had planted, and reared to a Tree, which, at the time of her leaving that kingdom, was in its perfection. When ſhe was become enamoured of this new

Work

Tears from the Mine the ripen'd Ore,
Calls ev'ry Shell from ev'ry Shore;
Nor even can th' o'erwhelming Deep
Its coral Beds, or Treaſures keep,
For PORTLAND's Art unlinks the Chain
That bound them in its wild Domain;

Work of her's, ſhe often wiſhed to perpetuate this Tree left behind her; and intimating ſuch wiſh to the Dutcheſs Dowager of PORTLAND,—her noble Friend, with that benevolence which diſtinguiſhes her exalted character, contrived to get the Tree ſent over to BULLSTRODE.—When it was recovered from the accidents of ſo long a journey, it was placed in her Gallery; and on Mrs. DELANY's being ſtruck with the beauty of the Plant, ſhe was informed by her Grace, that it was the identical Tree ſhe had ſo long wiſhed for.

The Author having the honour of viſiting BULLSTRODE, juſt as Mrs. DELANY had finiſhed the Portrait of a branch of her favorite CITRON-TREE, and hearing the hiſtory of it, it excited in him the deſire of commemorating an event, which gave him an opportunity of recording the Abilities of ſo amiable a Lady as Mrs. DELANY, and the diſcerning and attentive Friendſhip of ſo diſtinguiſhed a Character as the Dutcheſs Dowager of PORTLAND.

Whilſt NATURE's Self o'erjoy'd beholds
How ſhe her ſecret Steps unfolds,
Unravels ev'ry myſtic Clue,
And each Diſtinction points to View;
With greater Charms than e'er could fire
The boaſted Notes of ORPHEUS' Lyre,
Together bringing to our Wonder
What Realms and Oceans plac'd aſunder;
Nor is it ſtrange—ſince all agree
True Taſte is trueſt *Harmony*.—

If Witneſs then of theſe your Pow'rs,
If ſhelter'd too in BULLSTRODE's Bow'rs,
Where ART and NATURE both contend,
And both their various Labors blend;
If in your Gail'ry doom'd a Place,
And ſtation'd often near your GRACE;

None

None ſure can wonder when they ſee
Your Magic influence even me.——
It op'rates far beyond Belief,
I feel it now in ev'ry Leaf——
Each Fibre quivers —— nay it ſhoots
Down from my Bloſſoms to my Roots.——
Yes, NOBLE DAME! your Arts prevail,
And give me Force to tell my Tale;
Force, your protecting Care to bleſs,
And e'en my future Hopes expreſs.

From Citron-Groves on diſtant Shores,
Round which the wide ATLANTIC roars,
Torn from my Parent Tree, I came
A little Seed conſign'd to Fame;
Conſign'd to Fame—— for ſome kind Star,
When from my Home I'd wander'd far,

At laſt on fair HIBERNIA's Land
Led me to Good DELANY's Hand;
DELANY's Hand, whoſe Touch can give
New Grace and Bloom,—ſhe bade me live.—
I rooted, nor wiſh'd more to ſtir;
And who would not, to live with Her?—
Rear'd by her Smiles, I daily grew,
And ſpread my Beauty to her View;
But Plants, like Men, it is allow'd,
Have all their *Sunſhine*, and their *Cloud!*
My friendly Guardian call'd away,
On BRITAIN's Coaſt to fix her Stay,
My cheering Sunſhine loſt! no more
My Leaves their wonted Verdure wore,
No more with Joy my Bloſſoms ſpread,
Sorrowing I droop'd, and hung my Head,
Till gracious PORTLAND deign'd to be
Protectreſs of my Miſery;

Bade

Bade me once more the Ocean croſs,
My Spirits rais'd, retriev'd my Loſs;
And, ever be her Name ador'd,
My Miſtreſs to my Sight reſtor'd.——

Whilſt now I glow with wonted Charms,
And Gratitude each Fibre warms,
More favor'd ſure no Plant can ſhine!
But a ſtill happier Lot is mine!
For lo! your faithful Friend for me
Prepares a glorious Deſtiny;
She makes me on her Table riſe,
And notes me with inquiring Eyes,
My Texture marks, my Form ſurveys,
And views me with parental Gaze,
Then with her artful *Sciſſars* traces
My Shape, my Colour, and my Graces,

Unlike what Poets give THE FATES,
For theirs *deſtroy*, but her's *creates!*——
I ſee another Self——and ſtart,
Shudd'ring with Wonder at her Art.——
'Tis done——and ſhe hath ſeal'd my Doom,
And fix'd me in *Eternal Bloom*.

So BACCHUS once, as Bards relate,
Compleated ARIADNE's Fate,
And, as ſhort Life to Beauty's giv'n,
Fix'd her *a Starry Crown* in Heav'n;
Surrounded with a radiant Blaze,
For future Worlds t'admire, and gaze.——

Then, NOBLE LADY, may I ſue,
And one Requeſt prefer to you?
Whilſt my own Fame I raptur'd trace,
I feel a Wiſh for all my Race.

O could

O could my Sister Plants, and Flow'rs,
That ſpring beneath your beauteous Bow'rs,
Before the Good DELANY ſtand,
And ſhare the Magic of her Hand!
She'd give to others, as to me,
A Kind of IMMORTALITY!

To the Memory of

DR. JOHN HOADLY,

Chancellor of WINCHESTER.

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD VERNON SADLEIR, ESQ.

WHEN Themes of Joy the willing Muſe invite,
All Fancy's Regions open to her Sight,
Sportive and unconſtrain'd ſhe glides along,
And meditates at Eaſe her cheerful Song;
Her teeming Thoughts with bright Conceptions glow,
Ideas crowd, and Lines ſpontaneous flow.——
Not ſo, when SORROW bids her take the Lyre!
The Pow'rs of FICTION then no more inſpire;

The ſad REALITY that wrings her Heart
O'erclouds her Spirit, and impedes her Art;
Sighs check the Verſe ſhe would to Friendſhip pay,
And Tears bedew her tributary Lay.

To you, dear SADLEIR, on whoſe lib'ral Breaſt
Her tend'reſt Touches Nature hath impreſt,
Whoſe gen'rous Mind feels ev'ry Suff'rer's Ills,
Whoſe virtuous Courſe each ſocial Duty fills,
Theſe Lines I dedicate——For well you know
What to a Friend ſo dear——ſo lov'd——we owe;
To You, who ſhar'd with me his ſerious Hours,
And the wide Compaſs of his ſprightly Pow'rs;
Saw by his Life Religion's Charms convey'd,
And the good Man in ev'ry Act diſplay'd.

ENGLAND muſt long revere a HOADLY's Name,
Thy Prelate, WINCHESTER, hath fix'd its Fame!

Meek,

Meek, unaſpiring, virtuous, and ſincere,
Firm in Opinion, in his Tenets clear,
Fearleſs, a literary War he wag'd,
And PREJUDICE and ERROR both engag'd;
Tho' Party-Rage his Doctrines loud aſſail'd,
He wrote for TRUTH —— and in her Cauſe prevail'd;
And, full of Days and Honor, liv'd to ſee
Th' enlighten'd Realm by what he taught, more free;
Liv'd, in that Friend, whom now we mourn, t' admire
All that parental Fondneſs could deſire;
A Son, who clos'd his Eyes, who o'er him rear'd
The Record of a Father he rever'd;
And, Lot ſevere to us! was by Heav'n's Will
Doom'd the ſame Grave himſelf ſo ſoon to fill! ——

And ſhalt thou, GENTLE SPIRIT! ſink to Duſt,
And I ſurvive? —— nor to thy Worth be juſt?

Shall it be only water'd by thoſe Eyes
Which with freſh Tears thy *widow'd Love* ſupplies?
Shall *her* fond Heart, to all thy Virtues true,
Alone with Sighs thoſe Virtues loſt review?
Forbid it Friendſhip——Ev'ry Muſe forbid
In the dark Tomb that HOADLY's Name be hid,
Who liv'd a favor'd Suitor of ye all,
For ev'ry Muſe with Pleaſure heard his Call.——
Engaging HOADLY!——The rare Lot was thine,
Or grave, or gay, tranſcendently to ſhine!
Thy ready Pen could picture deep *Diſtreſs*,
Or all the Force of *comic Life* impreſs;
Folly and Vice with Satire keen alarm,
Tho' rarely us'd thy WIT, unleſs to charm!——
But why erect thy Fame on ſhining Parts?
'Twas thine to *win*, nay, *captivate* all Hearts:
Thy happy Spirits flow'd in ſteady Courſe,
From the pure Spring of Virtue's ſacred Source;

It was thy Wiſh to check each Mourner's Sigh,
Thy Aim to *wipe the Tear from ev'ry Eye*;
And to ſuch Views the nobleſt Triumph's giv'n,
E'en *here on Earth* begins the hop'd-for Heav'n!——
Thy Looks ſerene announc'd that Triumph gain'd;
Peace and Benevolence in Smiles there reign'd.
'Midſt Pains ſevere ſtill cheerful and reſign'd!
Tho' bow'd thy Body, yet unbent thy Mind!
Calmly conſid'ring Death as a Repoſe;
And when the MORTAL ſunk,—the ANGEL roſe!—

SPIRIT BENIGN! enjoy a hallow'd Reſt!
Thy Worth acknowledg'd, and thy Mem'ry bleſt.
And oft, my SADLEIR, when our HOADLY's Loſs
Shall be our Theme, and Life's gay Moments croſs,
Oft as his abſent Friendſhip we deplore;
(And who have better known?—who lov'd him more?)

Let us, ſince fleeting Time ſo rapid flies,
And rends the brittle Chain of human Ties,
This ſtrength'ning Link broke off, with firmer Claſp
Thoſe Parts which yet remain unſever'd, graſp.——
In the ſweet Counſels of congenial Minds,
Man ſtill the ſureſt Source of Comfort finds:
Be it *our* Aim, that, e'en to Life's Extreme,
Nor Change, nor Chance ſhall leſſen our Eſteem;
Of one DEAR FRIEND by Fate's Decree bereft,
We'll value more the few we ſtill have left.

A NUP-

A

NUPTIAL ODE,

ADDRESSED TO

A FRIEND,

On the Marriage of his Daughter.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXXX.

I.

SWEET is the Muſic of the Muse's Lyre,
When ſplendid Themes her magic Notes inſpire,
Whether ſhe ſings embattled Hoſts,
And gives to periſh'd Annals Fame,
Or of ſome favor'd Hero boaſts,
And raptur'd, conſecrates his Name,
Or bids obedient Paſſions wait her Call,
The Sigh to Sorrow heave, the Tear to Mis'ry fall!

II. But

II.

But far more ſweet her Song, when all her Art
Aims to give Tranſport to the human Heart;
When ſhe in ſoothing Strains reveals
Whate'er ſublimeſt Virtue knows,
All that each ſoft Affection feels,
And Life's moſt happy Hour beſtows,
With Reaſon's Voice the Woes of Man diſarms,
Paints Love's exalted Joys, and Friendſhip's ſacred

[Charms.

III.

With raviſh'd Eye ſhe views this FESTIVE DAY,
And dedicates to THEE, my Friend, her Lay.——
She marks the Torch of HYMEN blaze,
And ſees around the choſen Band,
And THEE, with fond parental Gaze,
Lead up a DAUGHTER by the Hand,
All rob'd in White, with Looks of artleſs Truth
And ev'ry bluſhing Grace that waits on virgin Youth.

IV.

Such modeſt Semblance Virtue only wears,
And ſuch alone th' ingenuous Mind declares;
Then onward lead her —— Anxious waits
The Bridegroom to receive his Prize,
While ev'ry Hope his Breaſt elates,
And Tranſport dances in his Eyes;
To Honor's nobleſt Feelings ever true,
A Lover worthy Her —— A Choice moſt worthy You.

V.

Now at the Altar, lo! the Ring is giv'n,
The mutual Vow is pledg'd—Confirm it Heav'n!—
GENII, who conduct our Pleaſures,
Join the HYMENEAL Train,
Pour around them Love's beſt Treaſures,
Heart to Heart ſtill more enchain;
And let the MUSE, twining the Myrtle Wreath,
To THEE, my valu'd Friend, her fond Prediction breath.

VI.

Oh! if aright ſhe reads the Book of Fate,
New Joys for THEE ſhall THIS DAY'S Act create;
The Virtues of this wedded Pair
Shall warm your Hopes, ſhall live your Theme;
The FUTURE, brighteſt Sunſhine wear,
The PAST, be ſhadow'd as a Dream;
TO THEE, each Mark of cordial Love be ſhown,
And they, like me, ſhall prize, that WORTH I long
[have known.

ADVICE TO A LITTLE GIRL,

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER,

On her being honored with ſome Inſtruction

By MRS. DELANY

In cutting out Paper.

WRITTEN AT BULLSTRODE,

M.DCC.LXXX.

WITH that Benevolence which condeſcends
To glide its Knowledge to the youthful Heart,
O'er thee, my Child, the Good DELANY bends,
Directs thy *Sciſſars*, and reveals her *Art*.

Ah! ſeize the happy Moment!——She can ſhew
The mazy Path myſterious Nature treads;
Can ſteal her varied Grace, her varied Glow,
And all the changeful Beauties that ſhe ſpreads.

Then mark thy kind *Inſtructreſs*, watch her Hand,
Her Judgment, her inſpiring Touch attain;
Thy *Sciſſars*, make like her's, a *Magic Wand!*——
Tho' much I fear thy Efforts will be vain.——

Failing in this, my Child, forbear the Strife;
Another Path to Fame by her is ſhown;——
Try by *the Pattern* of her honor'd Life,
With equal Virtue to *cut out* thine own.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Page

AN Epiſtle from Lady Jane Gray, to Lord Guilford Dudley — — — 1

To a Lady going to bathe in the Sea 30

The Judge — — — 33

To a Friend on New-Year's Day 35

Prologue on opening the new Theatre at Southampton — — 37

A Card

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Card to David Garrick, Esq;	41
On seeing Mrs. Garrick in a Country Dance at Bath — —	42
To Biddy at Bath — —	43
The Alps — — —	51
Prologue to the dramatic Romance of Cymon — —	85
A little Ode, to a little Maid —	88
To a Lady, with a Present of a Stilton Cheese — —	92
To Ardelia, on her producing some Essence of Roses — —	95
A Poem to the Memory of the celebrated Mrs. Cibber —	97
The Fan. To Ardelia —	106
A Farewell Epilogue, intended for Mrs. Pritchard, at her last Appearance on the Stage —	108

To

CONTENTS.

Page

To the Thames, written from the Temple, to Ardelia — 112

The Sword-Knot. To Mrs. Wilbraham Bootle — 115

The Power of Fancy. To Ardelia 117

Ferney: an Epiſtle to Monſieur de Voltaire — — 121

To Ardelia, written at Margate — 141

Prologue to the Play of King John, acted at Mr. Newcomb's, at Hackney — — — 143

Epilogue to ditto, ſpoken by Lady Conſtance — — — 147

To Ardelia: New-Year's Day — 150

Epilogue to the Play of Macbeth, acted at Mr. Newcomb's at Hackney, ſpoken by Lady Macbeth — — — 153

An

CONTENTS.

Page

An Addreſs from the Thames, preſented to Meſſrs. Adam, on their coming to their new Houſe in the Adelphi — 157

The contented Maid, a Song — 162

To Ardelia, on her Recovery from a long Illneſs — — 164

To Mrs. Blake, with a Pair of Hand Screens — — 168

Cupid's Remonſtrance, an Epilogue ſpoken at Drury-lane — 171

A burleſque Ode, on the Author's clearing a new Houſe of Workmen — — — 174

Prologue to the Play of Julius Cæſar, acted at Mr. Newcomb's at Hackney — — 186

To Miſs Duval, on her Marriage 190

The

CONTENTS.

Page

The Monument in Arcadia, a Dramatic Poem, in two Acts — 193

To Messrs. Adam, on their late successful Lottery — — — 249

Epilogue for the first Part of Henry IV. *acted at Mr. Newcomb's at Hackney, spoken by the Hostess* — — 252

A Petition from Mrs. Delany's Citron-Tree, to her Grace the Dutchess Dowager of Portland 257

To the Memory of Dr. John Hoadly, Chancellor of Winchester — 266

A Nuptial Ode, addressed to a Friend, on the Marriage of his Daughter — — 272

Advice to a Little Girl — — 276

ERRATA.

Page 125. l. 6. for *their* read *there.*

145. l. 1. for *Coquets* read *Coquettes.*

178. l. 15. for *leg'd* read *legg'd.*

Overlooked in Vol. I.

Page 233. l. 12. for *movements* read *movement.*

Directions for placing the Plates in the SECOND VOLUME.

PORTRAIT of LADY JANE GRAY, to front the Title Page of the Volume.

N° 4. To front the Title Page of the ALPS.

1000,- (1+2)
Okt. 85

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Keate, George, 1729-1797 / Theobald, Joseph Apollinaris Honoratus von / Krämer, Georg von

The Poetical Works Of George Keate, Esq

Bd.: 2.

London (1781)

P.o.angl. 189-2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747162-5